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Local News

Volume 52

OLDEST PAPER IN WESTERN KENTUCKY

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1912

Number 39

This Paper
Always Stops

when your time is out. We don't believe in forcing a paper on anyone. If you do not want to miss a copy, keep the subscription paid up. A notice of expiration is given here 15 days ahead with

A Blue Mark

LEVEE BREAKS; HICKMAN IS FLOODED

CITY LEVEE BREAKS.

After an all week's fight against the encroaching waters of the rapidly rising Mississippi river by hundreds of men working day and night, the levee which protects the west section of town broke Monday night at 10 minutes to eight o'clock.

The break occurred near the upper entrance to the yards of the Mengel Box factory. When first discovered, a small slice of the earthworks, probably three feet wide and as many feet deep, had slipped out. All hands were hurried to this point, and a distress signal given. The most desperate fight of the many days past was waged here. Sand bags, railroad ties, lumber and everything else obtainable that might form an obstruction to the muddy torrent were hurled into the breach. These were whisked away like dry leaves by the pressure of the enormous wall of pent-up water, extending back for forty miles. Men fought with Spartan courage even as the gap widened, and only after the place had reached a width of thirty feet did the workers surrender their task. It seemed as though the elements had combined against the strength of man. A downpour of rain continued throughout the day Monday and continued with renewed energy shortly after dark, possibly two hours before the crisis, adding dismay to the almost hopeless task of the tired workers, who had paced the muddy crest of the levee for many hours. So ceaseless was the work that many of the men did not leave the levee for their meals, but ate their lunch there in the rain. The major portion of these workers consisted of the Mengel Box force, under Col. Walker, railroad crews under Mr. Perkins, of the N. C. & St. L. and volunteers from among our citizens.

When it was seen that the levee could not be held, the men hastened to districts threatened by the overflow and warned people of their danger. At the breaking point, fortunately, the water took two courses; one began filling the huge basin inside the railroad "Y," while the other divided and followed a course west of the C. M. & G. railroad. This gave more time for folks to get to places of safety. Had the levee given away farther east, the current of the river would naturally have swept through the main residence section of West Hickman, causing heavy loss of both life and property. As the water backed slowly in filling the streets and covering the sidewalks, women and children retreated to higher grounds, leaving their homes to the fate of the water. Long before all were out, the roar of the water coming through the break was terrific. This, mingled with the distressing cry of women and children, the shouts of men, thunder and whistles, created a din that will not be forgotten soon by those present.

Long before day the entire west section was filled to the level of the river. Only roofs of some houses are now visible, and stores are filled to such an extent that stocks will be almost a complete loss.

GREATEST WATER KNOWN.

The river today stands higher than was ever known. The last reading of the Cairo gauge gave 53.6. The great flood of 1883 only reached 52.2, and when the same figure was reached last Sunday morning, the water was much higher here than 30 years ago. This is accounted for by reason of the levees "bottling" up the water. Had the flood stage of 1883 not been passed this time, our city levee would have held—it did hold when the water was a foot higher. Government levees are undergoing a severe strain all up and down the river, and in several places they have given away. Continued heavy rains since the river began rising three weeks ago over the Mississippi Valley is supposed to have been the prime factor in this record-breaking water. The oldest inhabitant says the water is now two feet deep in places that were always heretofore "high and dry" during flood stages.

RESCUERS GOT BUSY.

Immediately following the warning that the levee had broken, parties under the direction of Rev. H. J. Geiger began a house-to-house canvas in West Hickman rescuing those who were not apprised of their danger. Wading water waist deep in many

Highest Water Ever Known. City Levee Broke Monday Night and Citizens of West Hickman Flee to Places of Safety. River Now in Clinton Street. Water Stands Foot Deep in Many Leading Stores.

NO LIVES LOST BUT DAMAGE HEAVY

Communication Practically Cut Off—Trains Delayed—Business Suspended. County Officials Ask for Federal Aid. Hundreds of Men Idle and Families Homeless. Worst Yet to Come. River will reach 55 Feet at Cairo. Greatest Calamity Since Yellow Fever Epidemic.

places, people were carried out. Among others were a lady and her babe one day old. Several sick people had to be carried out through the rain and rising water to places of safety. The more daring of the male population rushed to the stricken section and with willing hands helped to save the property of those who entertained hopes that the levee would hold. Penetrating the extreme west portion of Hickman was a daring piece of business, for in the darkness no one could tell whether or not the water was closing in behind them cutting off a retreat, all the streets at the time being covered with a sheet of rain and river water. Several people were taken from the second story of their homes yesterday, and now all seem to be safe. Several of the Mengel men, including Gus Moore, were trapped by the water and could not get out of the factory building. Searching parties found them asleep at daylight. In the second story of the building. At about the same time a frame residence was seen to go down the middle of the river with people on the roof. They are said to have been rescued below town.

Ed and Wess Adams, while making trips in a launch Monday night, to a church building opposite Hickman bringing people across, had the batteries on the boat give out which stopped their engine. They drifted in among some trees where they were compelled to spend the night in the rain. They finally attracted attention on this side of the river and were rescued. It was a fearful night and one can hardly imagine the hardship of waiting for daylight and knowing their families were behind the levee which had broken, as they could easily hear the distress whistle but could not get here.

The river is upwards of forty miles wide here now and people residing in the remote sections, who have succeeded in getting to Hickman, are telling some very tragic stories.

LOSS MANY THOUSANDS.

It would be a difficult matter to estimate the loss to this immediate vicinity caused by the high water; but very few people will get the amount exaggerated. Col. Walker says the Mengel Box Co. will lose approximately \$50,000. Other interests in Hickman will suffer proportionately. Residents of the bottoms will sustain great losses in the way of live stock, fences, buildings, crops, etc. Hickman and her territory will get a setback of upwards of a half million dollars.

COMMUNICATION CUT OFF.

Communication with the outside world has been badly hampered, in fact, almost cut off for the past two days. Telephone lines are out and telegraph wires are in bad shape. Failure yesterday to learn anything as to the government's prediction of the stage of water above caused considerable anxiety, and several business houses, seemingly above the flood line were scaffolded to make sure. On account of washouts between Hickman and Union City, railroad service was out yesterday, hence no express or mail. The principal trouble was the washing out of a trestle, 90 feet long, near Shuck Switch.

CLINTON STREET FLOODED.

Saturday the water began backing up to the business houses on the north side of Clinton street, and hope of keeping the water outside the



Hickman Wagon Co., showing some of the buildings in which water is standing three feet deep.

railroad, further east than the depot, was abandoned. In consequence, the water has been crawling into one store after another since Sunday morning, at which time it went into the Hickman Drug Co. store. Merchants have worked night and day trying to get their goods up out of reach of the water, but in some instances have not been successful. The stores in which water is now standing are: Helm & Ellison, Baltzer & Dadds Dr. Goods Co., Hickman Drug Co., Matheny & Plant, Fethe & French, Bettersworth & Prather, F. E. Case & Son, E. C. Rice, E. R. Ellison, Sullivan Bros., Ledford & Randle, St. Louis Furnishing Co., Sudo M. Naifeh, Smith & Amberg.

Before night water will be in the stores of Faris Nafteh, J. L. Amberg and Cowgill's Drug Store. In many of the floors the water is from 12 to 15 inches deep. On the north side of Clinton street in front of the stores mentioned, the sidewalks are under water, and water is now well up in this street. On Water street, gasoline launchers are running with ease.

CARING FOR REFUGEES.

The citizens and city authorities have their hands full looking after those who have been rendered homeless. Homes on the hill have been thrown open to refugees, and halls, churches, barns and all manner of structures that will shelter man or beast have been pressed into service.

Two hundred tents have been furnished by the war department through the efforts of Ollie M. James. These tents were shipped by Adams express but have not reached us yet. They will possibly get here by tomorrow.

Hickman is really in dire straits, and if there is not a change in the present situation in a very short time we will be forced to ask state aid. Hundreds of men are out of work, and are at the mercy of charity for food

and clothing.

A mass meeting was held Monday afternoon at the Lyric, and committees were appointed to look after each section of town. East Hickman committee, L. C. Lunsford and Geo. Carpenter; Old Hickman, Sid Hamby and W. A. Dodds, West Hickman, Policemen John Wright and Bun Hackett. These men are authorized to take subscriptions or donations of every description for the benefit of the refugees. Rev. H. J. Geiger is chairman of these committees. The Ladies Committee is composed of Mesdames E. B. Prather, S. L. Dodds, A. A. Faris, Jr., C. F. Baltzer, Jessie Dillon, Maggie Randle, Ida DeBow and Bonnie Lucas. Rev. Wilson, Rev. Geiger and Judge Naylor are an investigating committee. Committee to assign rooms any of the police force. H. L. Amberg was made treasurer for all relief funds and same may be sent direct to him. A committee of negroes—like Bowden, Rev. Pipkins and Rev. O. Durrett—will look after the negro sufferers.

For the past ten days boats of every description, especially ferryboats, have been running day and night bringing people and live stock from the bottoms. Monday the boatmen refused to devote any more time to trying to get the stock, and were kept busy getting people out of the flooded lands. Hundreds of head of stock in Mississippi county, Mo., opposite Hickman, were left to perish—the water gradually getting deeper on them until they were either chilled to death or drowned.

BUSINESS SUSPENDED.

Practically all business in Hickman has suspended. The Mengel Box Co.'s 1000 men are all out of work, the wagon factory suspended work last week when the water got up in their shops, cotton gins, brick yards, timber business and three-fourths of the stores are out of business. Shipments of no kind can be made by either river or

rail. The spring building season had just opened and this work has stopped. Farmers are unable to do anything, and will be tied up for some weeks to come.

55 FEET PREDICTED.

The end of the rise is not yet in sight. Reports from Cairo say that we will get a 55 foot stage—3 feet higher than the flood mark of 1883. Heavy rains in Cumberland and Tennessee river districts are the basis of this prediction. Such a volume of water will reach the stores on the south side of Clinton street. Some of the store keepers on this side of the street began putting their stock of goods on a scaffold work yesterday afternoon, anticipating a fate similar to that of the north side merchants.

River rose .1 today, will rise .1 tomorrow and will possibly be on a stand by Saturday. Gauge now reads 53.7.

FLOOD NOTES.

Many people waited so long before trying to move out of West Hickman that teams waded water belly-deep in getting to some of the residences.

Hundreds of people came here Sunday from Fulton, Union City, Martin and other nearby points to see the high water. They came one week too soon to see the "main show."

Most of the houses in the flooded district which were scaffolded up (furniture raised to a height that they thought would be above the water) turned out to be a bad job. Furniture in many of these residences is said to be floating around in the rooms.

Mgr. Owens, of the Cumberland, respectfully asks everybody to use the telephone for local business as little as possible. The operators are greatly overworked trying to get important long distance messages over the wires.

The Mengel Box Co. took their men out of the mills Saturday and put them on the city levee work. The fight on this levee for the past ten days has cost an average of \$1,000 a day.

Col. Walker, Mr. Perkins, the City Board and Policemen, together with every man, white or black, who stood by that levee work day and night, hungry and wet, deserve the sincere thanks of the citizens of Hickman, and the Courier appoints itself a committee of one to express our appreciation. They made a gallant fight, and had the water stopped at anything like a former flood line, they would have won. But just the same, our hats are off to them. They did all they could—angels could do no more. The same may be applied to the Fulton County Levee Board and their faithful men—but not to the negroes who went down there yesterday with a six-shooter prodding them to the call of duty.

Refugees began taking possession of the churches Monday.

Pres. Thomas, of the N. C. & St. L., came down in his special car yesterday to look over the flood situation and to give us whatever assistance possible. He thinks train service will be resumed today.

The Courier comes out one day earlier this week on account of the flood. The size of the paper is reduced under circumstances that will certainly excuse us. We have given our attention to our friends and neighbors, whose property and lives have been at stake, rather than to the paper; and will do the same thing next week if the situation still demands it. If you fail to get a paper next week, it will be because we are unable to get it out.

On account of a shortage of fuel and no shipping facilities, the Hickman Ice & Coal Co. will discontinue their day current today. It will not be started up again until more coal can be gotten here. The present supply of fuel is limited and Mgr. Dillon will save it to give us light.

The levee at Cairo broke yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock and that city is under water, according to a report received here. No loss of life is reported.

Hickman's April Fool package was most too serious for a joke.

Water went into the N. C. depot last night and is now about two inches deep. The C. M. & G. depot is still visible.

13,000 sacks arrived yesterday afternoon and this morning for use on the government levee. 70 men and a car of sacks are due in today.

The levee on the Missouri side, opposite Hickman, is said to have broken yesterday. Water had already filled in behind it and the breaking caused no extra damage, nor did it give any relief.

Electric lights will be cut off after mid-night for the present in order to save fuel.

Harrie Fork, a small creek in Fulton, has been on a rampage and water rose three feet deep in several of the stores. Being unprepared for such an emergency, the damage to stocks will be almost as great as the water damage to Hickman stores.

E. G. Russell was caught on the Missouri levee Monday afternoon at 6 o'clock by breaks in the levee. He was unable to reach his boat and stayed on the small embankment until 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, with out food or sleep.

The Courier office has been turned into a Western Union Telegraph office, high water running the men out at the depot. News bulletins of interest will be displayed in the office window.

The river rose three inches at Hickman in the last 12 hours—an enormous rise considering the present stage.

In places Clinton street is already covered with water.

Smith & Amberg will not be forced to move, and are open for business as usual.

The levee between Hickman and Tiptonville is still holding as we go to press. Jno. Wiley, W. A. Johnston, H. C. Helm, C. T. Bondurant, S. L. Dodds, D. B. Wilson, T. A. Ledford

(Continued on last page)



View of the Mengel grounds, a short distance below where levee gave way. This concern will be the biggest loser in the Hickman overflow.

STRENGTH

Don't forget.

TO ENABLE YOU TO TRANSACT YOUR BUSINESS IN A BUSINESS LIKE WAY—OPEN THAT BANK ACCOUNT NOW! WE OFFER EVERY FACILITY FOR YOUR INCREASING IT A SPECIALTY OF LOANS, DISCOUNTS.

HICKMAN BANK AND TRUST CO.
Capital \$50,000.00 Surplus \$32,500.00

The Light Question



can be beautifully settled by using the electric. You will find it more convenient, more cleanly, more adaptable to your needs, and of course more effective in light-giving qualities. Why not arrange with us to have the light in your place, the same as other modern households.

Hickman Ice & Coal Co.
Incorporated.
JOHN DILLON, Jr., Manager.



Mr. Renter:

SAVE YOUR
RENT

BUY A HOME

On Credit—easy payments. See
W. A. DODDS

Be Careful

We are installing a "DAY CIRCUIT," and our lines will carry 2300 volts of electricity twenty-four hours per day.

Telephone and Telegraph employees are especially warned to avoid contact with our system.

Hickman Ice & Coal Co.

J. T. DILLON, Manager

MY LADY OF DOUBT
BY RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Low Under Fire," "My Lady of the North Sea"
Illustrations by HENRY THURDE

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great feast and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob life later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

I endeavored to press back, but my restive animal, startled by the dig of the spur, the yell, the waving of arms, refused to face the tumult, and whirled madly about. For a moment I all but lost control, yet even as he plunged rearing into the air, I saw before me the appealing face of a woman. How she chanced to be there alone, in the path of that mob, I know not; where her escort had disappeared, and how she had become separated from her party, has never been made clear. But this I saw, even as I struggled with the hard-mouthed brute under me—a slender, girlish figure attired as a lady of the Blended Rose, a white, frightened face, arms outstretched, and dark blue eyes beseeching help. Already the front of the mob was upon her, unable to avert aside because of the thousands pushing behind. In another moment she would be underfoot, or hurled into the air. Reckless of all else, I dug in my spurs, yelling to the Light Dragoon beside me, even as my horse leaped. I scarcely know what happened, or how it was accomplished—only I had the reins gripped in my teeth, both my hands free. That instant I caught her; the next she was on my arm, swung safely to the saddle, held to me with a grip of steel, the animal dashing forward beneath his double burden into the open field. Then the dragoon, riding madly, gripped the bit, and the affair was over, although we must have galloped a hundred yards before the trembling horse was brought to a stand. Leaving him to the control of the soldier, I sprang to the ground, bearing the lady with me. We were behind one of the pavilions, facing the house, and she reeled as her feet touched the earth, so that I held her from falling. Then her lashes lifted, and the dark blue eyes looked into my face.

"You must pardon my roughness," I apologized, "but there was no time for ceremony."

She smiled, a flood of color coming back into the clear cheeks, as she drew slightly away.

"I appreciate that, sir," frankly, shaking out her ruffled skirts, "and you have made knighthood real."

"Then," I ventured, "may I hope to receive the reward, fair lady?"

She laughed, a little tremor of nervousness in the sound, but her eyes full of challenge.

"And what is that?"

"Your name; the hope of better acquaintance."

Her eyes swept my uniform questioningly.

"You are not of the garrison?"

"No; a courier just arrived from New York."

"Yet an officer; surely then you will be present tonight?"

"The privilege is mine; if sufficiently tempted I may attend."

"Tempted! How, sir?"

"By your pledging me a dance."

She laughed again, one hand grasping the long silken skirt.

"You ask much—my name, a better acquaintance, a dance—all this for merely saving me from a mob. You are not a modest knight, I fear. Suppose I refuse?"

"Then am I soldier enough to come unasked, and win my welcome?"

"I thought as much," the long lashes opening up to me the depths of the blue eyes. "I promise nothing."

"You must have dreamed; perhaps you recall the suggestion?"

"I took it to mean that you would not be altogether averse to meeting me again through the kindness of some mutual friend."

"No doubt you have found such a friend?"

"I have scarcely seen a face I know tonight," I pleaded. "I cannot even guess from what place of mystery you appeared so suddenly. So now I throw myself upon your mercy."

"I wonder is it quite safe?" heest-tattingly. "But, perhaps, the risk is equally great on your part. Ah! the lights go on again."

"And the band plays a Hungarian waltz; how better could we cement friendship than to that measure?"

"You think so? I am not so sure, and there are many names already on my card—"

"Do not look," I interrupted swiftly, "for I claim first choice since this afternoon."

"You do?" and her eyes laughed into mine provokingly. "And I had forgotten it all; did I indeed promise you?"

"Only with your eyes."

"Oh, my eyes! always my eyes! Well, for once, at least, I will redeem even that visionary pledge," and her glance swept the room hastily. "But I advise that you accept my surrender quickly, sir—I am not sure but this was Captain Grant's dance, and he is coming now."

CHAPTER IV.

The Beginning of Trouble.

Her hand was in mine, my arm already around her waist, when the off-

(Continued on another page.)

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Caught Her—the Animal Dashing Forward Beneath the Double Burden into the Open Field.

then, nor forbid. But there is Captain Grant seeking me. If I do not speak of gratitude, it is nevertheless in my heart, sir," she swept me a curtsy, to which I bowed hat in hand, "and now

au revoir."

I stood as she left me, staring while she crossed the lawn and joined a dark-faced officer of Rangers. Once she glanced back over her shoulder, and then disappeared in the crowd of revelers.

I had not intended to remain in Philadelphia through the night. Already I had secured the information sought, and now must consider the safest and quickest method of escape. It seemed to me this night, given up to revelry, afforded the best possible opportunity for my safely passing the British guard lines. Tomorrow discipline would be resumed, the soldiers would return to their posts and the citizens of the city would again appear on the streets. This would greatly intensify my danger, for, at any moment, I might encounter some one who knew me, who might denounce me to the authorities.

That this was the exact truth of the situation could not be denied, yet, now, every reckless impulse of my disposition urged me to remain; the invitation of those laughing blue eyes, the challenge I read in the lady's fair face, the unsolved mystery of her identity, all combined in a temptation I found it impossible to resist. For a dance with her, a possible understanding, I was willing to venture life itself.

It must have been nearly nine o'clock when, in company with a young cornet, I rode up to the house given up to festivities, and, turning over our horses to the care of cavalry grooms, climbed the wide steps to the door leading into the hall.

All was a riot of color, rich, bewildering, with smiling faces, and laughing lips everywhere. In such a spot, amid such surroundings, war seemed a dream, a far-off delirium.

My companion disappeared, and, to escape the pressure of those surging back and forth through the wide doorway, I found passage close to the wall, and half circled the room, finally discovering a halting place in the recesses of a window, where, partially concealed myself by flowing curtains, I could gaze out over the brilliant assemblage. Half ashamed of the plainness of my own attire, and feeling a stranger and an alien, I was yet consciously seeking the one face which had lured me there.

Enough conversation reached me to disclose a promised display of fireworks on the lawn, and almost immediately a magnificent bouquet of rockets shot up into the black sky, illuminating everything with a glare of fire. This was followed by the lighting up of the triumphal arch, and the hurrying of balloons high overhead. Attracted by the spectacle, I was staring out at the dazzling scene, when a voice spoke at my shoulder.

"'Tis a relief to see even one soldier present ready for duty."

I turned to look into a pair of steady blue eyes, with a bit of mocking laughter in their depths, the face revealed clearly in the glare of the rockets.

"Necessity only," I managed to reply. "I can be as gorgeous as these others, had I brought a bag with me."

"No doubt; every British regiment tries to outdo the others in ribbons and gold lace. Really they become tiresome with such foppery in war times. See how they play tonight, like children, the city practically unguarded from attack," she waved an ungloved hand toward the dark without. "I venture there are men out yonder, sir, who are not dancing and laughing away these hours."

My cheeks burned.

"You mean Washington's troops?"

"Aye! I saw them here in Philadelphia before Sir William came," her voice lowered, yet earnest, "and they are not playing at war; grim, silent,

sober-faced men, dressed in odds and ends, not pretty to look at; some tattered and hungry, but they fight hard. Mr. Conway was telling us yesterday of how they suffered all winter long, while we danced and feasted here, Washington himself sleeping with the snow drifting over him. You do not know the Americans, for you are not long across the water, but they are not the kind to be conquered by such child's play as this."

"You are an American, then?"

"By birth, yes," unhesitatingly. "We are of those loyal to the king, but—I admire men."

It was with an effort I restrained my words, eager to proclaim my service, yet comprehending instantly that I dare not even trust this plain-spoken girl with the truth. She respected the men, sympathized with the sacrifices of Washington's little army, contracted all they endured with the profligacy of the English and Hessian troops, and yet remained loyal to the king's cause. Even as I hesitated she spoke again.

"What is your regiment?"

"The Forty-second Foot."

"You have not yet been in action in America?"

"No, but I have just crossed the Jerseys with dispatches."

She shook her head, her cheeks glowing.

"My name was there when the war began," she explained simply. "Now it is hate, pillage and plunder everywhere. We fled to Philadelphia for our lives, and have almost forgotten we ever had a home. We loyalists are paying a price almost equal to those men with Washington. 'Tis this memory which makes me so bitter toward those who play amid the ruins."

"Yet you have seemed to enter into the gay spirit of the occasion," and my eyes swept over her costume.

"Oh, I am girl enough to enjoy the glitter, even while the woman in me condemns it all. You are a soldier—a fighting soldier, I hope—and still you are here also seeking pleasure."

"True; I yielded to temptation, but for which I should never have come."

"What?"

"The dare in your eyes this afternoon," I said boldly. "But for what I read there I should be out yonder riding through the night."

She laughed, yet not wholly at ease, the long lashes drooping over her eyes.

"Always the woman; what would you do without my sex to hear your mistakes?"

"But was this a mistake? Did I read altogether wrong?"

"Don't expect a confession from me, sir," demurely. "I have no memory of any promise."

"No the barest suggestion was all your lips gave, it was the eyes that counted."

"You must have dreamed; perhaps you recall the suggestion?"

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Enough conversation reached me to disclose a promised display of fireworks on the lawn, and almost immediately a magnificent bouquet of rockets shot up into the black sky, illuminating everything with a glare of fire. This was followed by the lighting up of the triumphal arch, and the hurrying of balloons high overhead. Attracted by the spectacle, I was staring out at the dazzling scene, when a voice spoke at my shoulder.

"'Tis a relief to see even one soldier present ready for duty."

I turned to look into a pair of steady blue eyes, with a bit of mocking laughter in their depths, the face revealed clearly in the glare of the rockets.

"Necessity only," I managed to reply. "I can be as gorgeous as these others, had I brought a bag with me."

"No doubt; every British regiment tries to outdo the others in ribbons and gold lace. Really they become tiresome with such foppery in war times. See how they play tonight, like children, the city practically unguarded from attack," she waved an ungloved hand toward the dark without. "I venture there are men out yonder, sir, who are not dancing and laughing away these hours."

My cheeks burned.

"You mean Washington's troops?"

"Aye! I saw them here in Philadelphia before Sir William came," her voice lowered, yet earnest, "and they are not playing at war; grim, silent,

sober-faced men, dressed in odds and ends, not pretty to look at; some tattered and hungry, but they fight hard. Mr. Conway was telling us yesterday of how they suffered all winter long, while we danced and feasted here, Washington himself sleeping with the snow drifting over him. You do not know the Americans, for you are not long across the water, but they are not the kind to be conquered by such child's play as this."

"You are an American, then?"

"By birth, yes," unhesitatingly. "We are of those loyal to the king, but—I admire men."

It was with an effort I restrained my words, eager to proclaim my service, yet comprehending instantly that I dare not even trust this plain-spoken girl with the truth. She respected the men, sympathized with the sacrifices of Washington's little army, contracted all they endured with the profligacy of the English and Hessian troops, and yet remained loyal to the king's cause. Even as I hesitated she spoke again.

"What is your regiment?"

"The Forty-second Foot."

"You have not yet been in action in America?"

"No, but I have just crossed the Jerseys with dispatches."

She shook her head, her cheeks glowing.

"My name was there when the war began," she explained simply. "Now it is hate, pillage and plunder everywhere. We fled to Philadelphia for our lives, and have almost forgotten we ever had a home. We loyalists are paying a price almost equal to those men with Washington. 'Tis this memory which makes me so bitter toward those who play amid the ruins."

"Yet you have seemed to enter into the gay spirit of the occasion," and my eyes swept over her costume.

"Oh, I am girl enough to enjoy the glitter, even while the woman in me condemns it all. You are a soldier—a fighting soldier, I hope—and still you are here also seeking pleasure."

"True; I yielded to temptation, but for which I should never have come."

"What?"

"The dare in your eyes this afternoon," I said boldly. "But for what I read there I should be out yonder riding through the night."

She laughed, yet not wholly at ease, the long lashes drooping over her eyes.

"Always the woman; what would you do without my sex to hear your mistakes?"

"But was this a mistake? Did I read altogether wrong?"

"Don't expect a confession from me, sir," demurely. "I have no memory of any promise."

"No the barest suggestion was all your lips gave, it was the eyes that counted."

"You must have dreamed; perhaps you recall the suggestion?"

"I took it to mean that you would not be altogether averse to meeting me again through the kindness of some mutual friend."

"No doubt you have found such a friend?"

"I have scarcely seen a face I know tonight," I pleaded. "I cannot even guess from what place of mystery you appeared so suddenly. So now I throw myself upon your mercy."

"I wonder is it quite safe?" heest-tattingly. "But, perhaps, the risk is equally great on your part. Ah! the lights go on again."

"And the band plays a Hungarian waltz; how better could we cement friendship than to that measure?"

"You think so? I am not so sure, and there are many names already on my card—"

"Do not look," I interrupted swiftly, "for I claim first choice since this afternoon."

"You do?" and her eyes laughed into mine provokingly. "And I had forgotten it all; did I indeed promise you?"

"Only with your eyes."

"Oh, my eyes! always my eyes! Well, for once, at least, I will redeem even that visionary pledge," and her glance swept the room hastily. "But I advise that you accept my surrender quickly, sir—I am not sure but this was Captain Grant's dance, and he is coming now."

CHAPTER IV.

The Beginning of Trouble.

Her hand was in mine, my arm already around her waist, when the off-

(Continued on another page.)

Get the best at Hickman Furniture Co.

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick-headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them. Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Caught Her—the Animal Dashing Forward Beneath the Double Burden into the Open Field.

then, nor forbid. But there is Captain Grant seeking me. If I do not speak of gratitude, it is nevertheless in my heart, sir," she swept me a curtsy, to which I bowed hat in hand, "and now

au revoir."

I stood as she left me, staring while she crossed the lawn and joined a dark-faced officer of Rangers. Once she glanced back over her shoulder, and then disappeared in the crowd of revelers.

I had not intended to remain in Philadelphia through the night. Already I had secured the information sought, and now must consider the safest and quickest method of escape. It seemed to me this night, given up to revelry, afforded the best possible opportunity for my safely passing the British guard lines. Tomorrow discipline would be resumed, the soldiers would return to their posts and the citizens of the city would again appear on the streets. This would greatly intensify my danger, for, at any moment, I might encounter some one who knew me, who might denounce me to the authorities.

That this was the exact truth of the situation could not be denied, yet, now, every reckless impulse of my disposition urged me to remain; the invitation of those laughing blue eyes, the challenge I read in the lady's fair face, the unsolved mystery of her identity, all combined in a temptation I found it impossible to resist. For a dance with her, a possible understanding, I was willing to venture life itself.

It must have been nearly nine o'clock when, in company with a young cornet, I rode up to the house given up to festivities, and, turning over our horses to the care of cavalry grooms, climbed the wide steps to the door leading into the hall.

All was a riot of color, rich, bewildering, with smiling faces, and laughing lips everywhere. In such a spot, amid such surroundings, war seemed a dream, a far-off delirium.

My companion disappeared, and, to escape the pressure of those surging back and forth through the wide doorway, I found passage close to the wall, and half circled the room, finally discovering a halting place in the recesses of a window, where, partially concealed myself by flowing curtains, I could gaze out over the brilliant assemblage. Half ashamed of the plainness of my own attire, and feeling a stranger and an alien, I was yet consciously seeking the one face which had lured me there.

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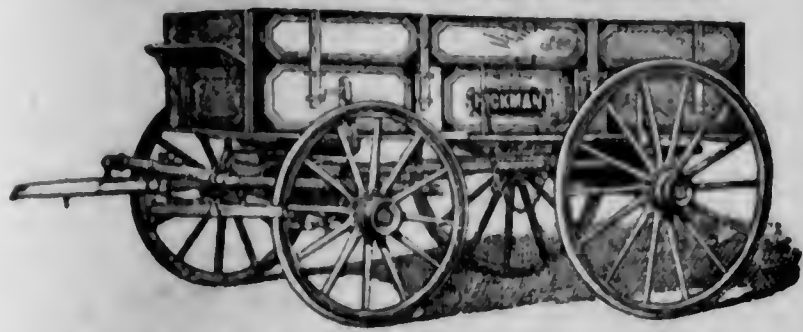
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My cheeks burned.

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Undertakers

Hearse and driver furnished on
short notice

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Short Notice.

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Dr. J. M. HUBBARD

DO IT NOW

Subscribe
for THIS
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1,000 Black Locust Fence Posts for
sale, at 25c each. See Walter Mc-
Murry, at Hickman.

The Light of The World

By Rev. Stephen Paulson

TEXT—And the Lord went before them
by day in a pillar of cloud to lead them
the way; and by night in a pillar of fire
to give them light.—Exodus 13:21.

First I want you to see the connection
between these two widely separated
texts. The one is from the account
of the journey of Israel through
the trackless wilderness; the second,
Jesus spoke centuries later, as
he was present at the feast of taber-
nacles in Jerusalem. The first versa
describes the customary way in olden
times, of leading large bodies of men
on the march, whether caravans or
armies. A tall pole was erected at
the head of the marching column, on
which was hung a basket of fire. The
glare of the fire was visible from every
part of the camp at night, and in the
daytime the column or pillar of smoke
guided the movements of the host.

The only difference in the case of the
Israelites was that the Lord was
in the fire, and that he controlled and
guided the movements of the people.
In the time of Jesus the Jews were
wont to commemorate at the feast of
the tabernacles, the time when they
were wanderers in the desert, and
God made provision for their suste-
nance and safety. They lit large lamps
or torches around the temple to sym-
bolize the pillar of fire, and then gave
themselves up to dancing and revelry.

As Jesus stood in the temple area
and looked over the people, he saw
that they needed guidance even more
than they did in the desert, and that
they needed light now just as much
as they needed the pillar of fire of
old. These lights about the temple
were merely reminders of past mercy,
and possibly many of the people had
even forgotten their significance; but
here was he, the Guide of all lives.
Here was he, the Light of all ages. So
he speaks, "I am the Light of the
world." These words come down to
us out of the old Hebrew temple, and
they pierce the center of our modern
life.

"I am the Light of the world."
When the sun rose this morn-
ing, it found the world here in dark-
ness. It was torpid, heavy with sleep,
its powers were all wrapped up in
sluggishness. The sun found the great
world sleeping and woke it. It called
to the dull birds and they sang their
matins; it sent its light over the fields
and painted them in colors beyond the
power of any artist to imitate; it
touched the flowers, and they opened
their petals to the glory of a new
morning; its rays entered the houses,
and men awoke and began to move
about their daily duties. It was an
awakening, an energizing, a renewal
of life, this morning's sunrise.

Even so it was when the Light of
the world rose upon mankind. It meant
an awakening, new energy, a renewal
of life. No one can tell all that it
meant when Jesus came into the
world, for his coming had a thousand
meanings. It had ten thousand influ-
ences which we are too dull to appre-
ciate and too short-sighted to observe.
But we know that when the Light of
the world came it meant a new era
in history, and we know that when
Jesus comes into the human heart it

"MORE FOR YOUR MONEY"

Carpet and Wool-Work Embroidery
Seen Upon the Collars of the
Latest Coats.

The newest little fads of fashion are
many, and the carpet embroidery in-
troduced upon the collars of the latest
coats is of eastern design. Most of
them, with their ancient coloring and
velvety softness appear like pieces cut
from old prayer rugs.

Another type of embroidery is the
rather crude wool-work wrought by the
peasantry of central Europe. With the
wools dyed by vegetable agency and the
long bold stitches used in the de-
sign, they seem ages old.

Green, blue, yellow and red are used
in the set mosaic designs. This used
on a coat of a dark color gives a
striking effect.

Novelty fur coats are much sought
after. Ermine is used without the
tails. A coat of this fur had a hand
of seal skin at the hem. The same fur
formed collar and cuffs and produced
an extraordinary combination.

A most unusual costume was fash-
ioned from black velvet. The
skirt, slightly wider than those popular
earlier in the season, had a hem
of ermine. The coat was a tunic, re-
sembling those worn at church. A de-
sign of roses and tendrils made of er-
mine completely covered the back and
front. An ermine scarf was worn with
this.

The blanket coat is another novelty.
This is made of material resembling
soft blankets. It is reversible and
comes in all shades and tints. A coat
made of this heavy cloth was of mauve
and rose. A double hood turned back
with huge revers formed the only trim-
mings.

Puts End to Bad Habit.

"Things never look bright to one with
the blues." Ten to one the trouble is
a sluggish liver filling the system
with billious poison, that Dr. King's
New Life Pills would expel. Try them!
Let the joy of better feeling end
"the blues." Best for stomach, liver
and kidneys. 25c—Helm & Ellison.

I. W. Dobbins was here from Ful-
ton, Saturday.

Engraved Calling Cards, Wedding Invitations, &c.

See samples.
At Courier Office.

means a new era in that man's life.
Let us note one or two applications
which these texts point out to us:

God's people of old were not led by
a road already mapped out. The route
was not chosen before they started.
But step by step and day by day they
were led, and God chose the route. Is
not Jesus the great Leader of his peo-
ple, and we have learnt a chief ar-
ticle of human wisdom if we have
learnt to leave tomorrow to him.
Step by step he leads us. The way
may be dark and hidden from us, but
it is all light and plain to him, for he
is the light.

As the pillar of fire was given to
guide the host of Israel of old, so is
Jesus the pillar of light which guides
the church today. Yes, he stands to-
day in the midst of the host, majes-
tic, dominating the centuries, leading
the church as the great army of God.

One evidence that the Light of the
world is directing the movements is
that the whole church is becoming
awake to its duties and opportunities.
The light of the morning wakes not
only one class of men, but all far and
near. So the Light of the world is
sending his rays today into all hearts.
Great movements are sweeping over
America today among the men of the
churches. They are realizing the folly
of their own lethargy and indifference,
and are waking to the new morning
and a new day's work. The house-
wives have been astir long since.
Woman's devotion to her Lord, and
her self sacrificing labors, have been
one of the glories of the Christian
church from the beginning. And now
the Master is marshaling the men to
the front.

White Slavery.

Let us rouse the church of God by
turning on the light of knowledge, so
that all good men may unite in de-
vising ways and means for saving the
misguided and degraded at our own
doors, instead of expending our time,
money and energy in trying to convert
the so-called heathen in foreign lands.
—Rev. F. W. Miller, Universalist,
Woodlawn, Ill.

HICKMAN PROOF.

Should Convince
Every Hickman Reader.

The frank statement of a neighbor,
telling the merits of a remedy,
bids you pause and believe.
The same endorsement
by some stranger far away
Commands no belief at all.
Here's a Hickman case.
A Hickman citizen testifies.
Read and be convinced.

John H. Nelson, painter, Hickman,
Ky., says: "Last year I used a box
of Doan's Kidney Pills and they did
me a great deal of good. I had kid-
ney trouble and my bladder was af-
fected. I suffered constantly from
pains in my back and seeing Doan's
Kidney Pills highly recommended, I
got a supply. Their use as directed
cured me and since then, I have had
no need of a kidney medicine. I high-
ly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to
anyone suffering from kidney trouble.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50
cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo,
New York, sole agents for the United
States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and
take no other.

BABE IN RIVER.

Frightened Mother Drops
Little One Out of Boat.

While being brought out of the
flooded district of Missouri and try-
ing to reach Hickman, Friday, Mrs.
Harry Lambert dropped her 18-
month old baby out of a skiff Fri-
day when she became frightened. The
child was rescued and finally restored
to life after having to all appearances
been drowned.

L. N. Gregory was rowing the skiff
to Pickett's ferry boat. The small
boat ran upon a stump or some ob-
struction which frightened Mrs. Lam-
bert and caused her to drop the baby.
Her husband plunged in after it, but
could not swim and Mr. Gregory had
to row to a place to tie the boat and
then save Mr. Lambert. After getting
him back into the boat, he then re-
scued the baby, which the swift cur-
rent had caused to lodge in a wire
fence. Holding the baby by the feet,
the water ran from its lungs and it
was soon revived.

All one year for \$1.90—The Hick-
man Courier, Mothers Magazine, Mod-
ern Frisilla and the Peoples Home
Journal.

FOR SALE: Four nice base drug
counters, 36 drawers and 12 doors. A
bargain. See W. F. Montgomery.



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in their imagination, but few attain
them, because they do not set about accomplishing their
desires in an intelligent manner. Few ambitions today are
accomplished without a

BANK ACCOUNT

If you do not possess one, why delay any longer in taking
the first step toward success?

The Peoples Bank

Solicits Your Patronage.

C. B. TRAVIS, Cashier.

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offer our depositors the most liberal treatment consistent
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FARMERS' TELEPHONES.

A dollar a month does not go far
enough after it gets into the telephone
company's treasury to satisfy the
manager who has to pay the upkeep
and operating expenses on a big ru-
ral line system, and keep a little small
change to hand over to stockhold-
ers once in six months. He has to
cut too many corners, and run too
many chances of getting caught short
of a bank balance by a sleet storm,
or a law suit.

Twelve dollars is too low for farm-
ers' line service on the average sys-
tem, with the quality and cost im-
proved as it has been in the last few
years. It is time to start after this
rate. The farmers can afford to pay
more—why should not they be in-
duced to recognize value received?

Of course we know what the farm-
ers do when it is proposed to raise
the telephone rate. But can this go
on forever? What is the best way
to get this thing into better shape?
—The American Journal of Tele-
phony. (The Independent Telephone
Journal.)

To have a fine healthy complexion
—the liver must be active, the bowels
regular and the blood pure. All this
is brought about by using HERBINE.
It thoroughly scour the liver, stom-
ach and bowels, puts the body in fine
condition and restores that clear, pink
and white complexion so much desired
by ladies. Price 60c. Sold by the
Hickman Drug Co.

Capt. W. A. Shuck was over from
Jordan, Saturday.

Subscribe for the Courier.

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If you are nerv-
ous, run-down,
sickly, lack en-
ergy, ambition,
feel "all in," use
Mayon's Special
Nerve Remedy. No
internal medicine to
disorder the stom-
ach or upset the
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to the seat of the
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time you will feel like a new man
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renews vitality, gives a healthy
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makes life worth living. The most
reliable remedy in the world for
all nervous afflictions. Prompt,
sure relief. Try it, note results.
Write for free booklet.

Special Offer!
For a short time we will send to any
one interested a regular \$1.00 bottle
for 25 cents to prove its worth.

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Dept. D, Cincinnati, Ohio

Try Our FRESH MEATS C. H. MOORE

W. J. Spradlin and family, of Ok-
lahoma City, arrived in Hickman Fri-
day to visit Mrs. Spradlin's mother,
Mrs. I. D. Price. Hickman still looks
good to "Jay."

As Spring Approaches

You Think More About That New Suit

Don't worry about it, but come in now and let me show you the swellest line you have ever seen. My new, 1912 collection of Spring and Summer Suits were never prettier, it embraces every new color and pattern in novelties, blue and fancy serges, and the more conservative styles.

I would be pleased to have you call and inspect my line, and feel sure I can please you.

Splendid showing of Shoes, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Underwear and Furnishings.

Leibovitz
MEN'S COMPLETE OUTFITTER

Where Quality Reigns Higher than Price.

Courier's Home Circle

All the world over Easter is a season of great rejoicing as everything begins to cast off the dinginess of winter and nature herself exhibits the spirit of resurrection.

The Easter festival of our forefathers covers a period of fifteen days. The week beginning with Easter Sunday was almost entirely given over to sport and games and general merry-making.

Easter is a movable festival. It is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday following.

The sacred festival of Easter has been appropriately termed "the queen of festivals." It has been observed from the foundation of the Christian religion, and is celebrated in every part of the Christian world with great solemnity and devotion.

There are many superstitions connected with Easter Sunday which are significant of the season, and are almost as imperative as laws. One of these is the necessity of having something new to wear on this day in order to insure happiness for the coming year. Hence the Easter bonnet.

Palestine, the spot where the resurrection we commemorate took place, is supremely emblematic of the season, because there the spring suddenly bursts forth and all the verdure and flowers spring up as though a magic wand had been waved over the land for the excessive dreariness of winter is broken in the orient when it is still winter in western lands.

Of all the holidays of the year, Christmas and Easter stand more prominently on the page of history than any others. Throughout all the initiations and vicissitudes that have entered into the world's history during the past two thousand years, the two festivals that commemorate respectively the birth and the resurrection of the Man of Nazareth still shine with a luster that remains undimmed after a lapse of twenty centuries.

While Easter reminds us of the resurrection, it may benefit us to call fresh to memory a few facts regarding the burial of the Son of God. Joseph was that day, mourner, sexton, liverly man. Had the entire charge of the whole occasion. Only four people attended the burial of the King of the Universe. Let this be consolatory to those who through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. A long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, basket of costly wood, pall bearers, scarfed and gloved, are not necessary.

Easter in Athens.

The story of the resurrection is told at Athens amid a blaze of silver and gold. Some time before Easter, Athens wears a picturesque aspect. This is due in great part to the number of shepherds, who with their flocks, have come down from the mountains and are camped in every available open space, engaged in selling their lambs. There is no family so poor as not to break the long lenten fast with an Easter lamb, the value of which is about a dollar, and a veritable massacre of the innocents is going on. It is late on Saturday night that the real Easter celebration takes place.

An immense crowd fills all the approaches to the cathedral and such parts of the church as are not kept clear. Without a raised platform has been erected and decorated with evergreens.

In the cathedral the royal princess, the ministers of state and the high functionaries of the kingdom assemble to attend the midnight service. As the hour of midnight approaches, the metropolitan with his assistants, preceded by the cross and banners, advance with lighted tapers. The various notabilities light their tapers from that of the arch bishop, and so the sacred fire is communicated to the crowd.

As the midnight hour sounds and Easter succeeds the last day of lent, the metropolitan, a blaze of silver and gold with his tapers, the silver gospel, and the episcopal crozier, ascends the platform outside the church and proclaims to the assembled people the tidings, "Christ is risen."



"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine"

Whenever you or any of your family feel sick and don't know what is the matter, NEVER DELAY, see the doctor. But if you KNOW what ails you—bad cold, grip, catarrh, dyspepsia or the thousand and one complaints of the human body, come to this drug store. We have a remedy for every illness—everyone compounded from the formulae of successful physicians.

Come in for one of these cures today:

Capacoid and Iarpine Nyal Iron Tonic Bitters Nyal Spring Sarsaparilla Nyal Dyspepsia Remedy Nyal Rheumatism Remedy Nyal Catarrh Remedy

Helm & Ellison

"The Nyal Store"

Home Phone No. 10

Cumberland No. 45

Easter Plant Legends.

The Christian legends connected with plants generally explain their behavior during Passover week. The aspen still shivers with remorse because when Christ passed, it had boldly faced the heavens instead of bowing its head in company with the other trees. The Saviour cast one look on it and the memory of that sorrowful glance is handed down even to this generation.

The willow was used for the scourges and ever since it has drooped its arms in misery. The elder is commonly supposed to be the tree upon which Judas hanged himself, and it is not even to be touched as firewood. However, it affords a safe refuge in a storm, for not even lightning will daunt to strike it. A fungus that grows on the elder and is now known as Jew's ears was originally called Judas' ears.

The wood sorrel was standing at the foot of the cross and received some drops of the precious blood. These she still carries. The Italian has the same legend and call this little blossom "alleluia," as if the very flowers rejoice in the great gift of the world. The scarlet anemone, too, is said to bear the stains of Christ's blood.

Almost a Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. H. Holacow, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's new Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 215 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Helm & Ellison's.

Subscribe for the Courier.

NEW SCHOOL LAW.

The following is an extract from the new school laws:

"No salary paid to a teacher in any subdistrict in the county shall be less than thirty-five dollars nor more than seventy dollars, except high school teachers, and salaries between \$35 and \$70 including the same, shall be based on and regulated by the qualifications of the teacher and the number of children actually in attendance in proportion to the number enrolled in the school census for the district, graduated in accordance with and conforming to such rules and regulations governing same as shall hereafter prescribed by the State Board of Education."

The Danger After Grip.

Idea often in a run down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Solid and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Helm & Ellison.

Apples, cherries, pears and plums will be plentiful this year in Kentucky according to a Lexington horticultural expert, but peaches will be scarce.

The Queen Mary is the name of the new battleship that has just been launched in England. Its total cost will be over ten million dollars.

For the stomach and bowel disorders of babies McGEE'S BABY LINIMENT is a remedy of genuine merit. It acts quickly, is pure wholesome and pleasant to take. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by Hickman Drug Co.

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HOGWALLOW DOINGS.

In point of human interest a church baptizing tanks along with a prize fight.

With the advent of spring Poke Bazley will begin his annual summer activity by fixing a good place on Gander creek for his wife to do family washing. In order that he may be ever near her he will set his fishing pole just across the creek.

The spring term of school at the Wild Onion school house will begin within a short time, or just as soon as he can complete the winter term. The pupils are all learning so fast that many of them have had to buy larger hats.

The Hog Ford church has a new member in the person of Eli Smith. Another seat will not be added, however until it is seen that he is going to stick.

A lot of folks would buy things if they didn't cost so much.

But Smith, congenial and accommodating proprietor of the moonshine

still on Musket Ridge, has announced to his many customers and friends that hereafter he will keep the front door of his place locked on Sunday, to comply with the request of the Deputy Constable. For the convenience of his patrons, however, he will turn the rear end of the building around facing the front on Sundays.

The train was again several hours late in its arrival at Tickville this week. The delay was caused by the conductor having stopped a good while at a station in his endeavor to learn the words and music to the Hound Dawg Song.

The Dog Hill Preacher requests us to announce in his behalf that all who intend to hear him preach next Sunday morning must walk across the fields to keep out of the mud. To be Mosely's attention is especially directed to this, as he has been in the habit of breaking up the sermon every Sunday by waiting until he gets inside the church before he begins to stomp the mud off his feet.

Slim Pickens came into Hogwallow yesterday morning and after resting

a while on the front porch of the postoffice he bought a dime's worth of stick candy. Crickett Hicks walked by and hesitated while he was devouring it, but Slim would not recognize him until the candy was all gone.

Prof. Sap Spradlen will deliver an address on the South Pole at the Wild Onion school house next Saturday night. He will give a full description of it, using the blackboard to illustrate how tall it is and how it looks.

The Excelsior Fiddling Band is reported to have made some lovely music while out serenading the other night but the wind blew it all away as fast as it was rendered.

A rabbit was freed under the postoffice Thursday morning, and a good portion of the stock and fixtures had to be removed before the building could be raised high enough for dock locks to crawl under.

Things are expected to get active around here as soon as the snakes and fleas begin to arrive again.

The Mail Carrier has a fully developed case of the smallpox and upon his arrival in Hogwallow yesterday a good sized crowd gathered at the postoffice to extend to him their sympathy. This is the first case of this disease ever seen around here and the Mail Carrier is rapidly springing into prominence.

Miss Fuzio Allison spent Tuesday morning at the home of Miss Hostetter Hicks in an effort to try to find out what Miss Hostetter paid for her new hat.—Kentneldan.

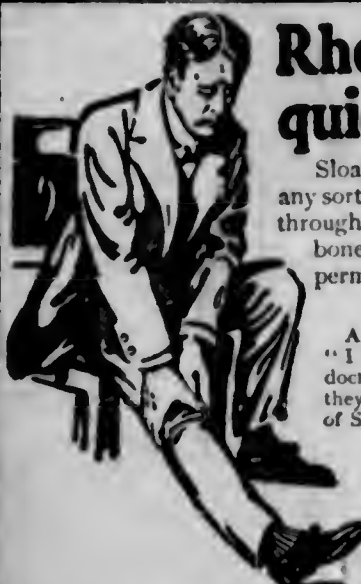
TYPEWRITERS FOR SALE.

All makes of typewriters for sale on liberal terms to solvent parties at prices ranging from \$30.00 to \$65.00. Each typewriter as good and will do the work of a new one, and is guaranteed to do so. All kind of office supplies and Typewriter Ribbons for sale. Typewriters repaired on short notice. Phone or write us and we will be glad to send a man to see you.—Tennessee Supply Co., W. W. Moore, Mgr., Union City, Tennessee.

Editor Wright, of the East Prairie, (Mo.) Eagle was in Hickman Sunday afternoon, making the trip on Hinshaw's ferryboat. He informs us that this was the first time a river boat had ever made the trip from East Prairie to Hickman.

Hro. Cleo Evans, the boy preacher, will preach at Mt. Zion the first Sunday in April at 11 o'clock. Everybody invited to be present.

J. M. Moore was here from Union City Sunday.



Rheumatic Pains quickly relieved

Sloan's Liniment is good for pain of any sort. It penetrates, without rubbing, through the muscular tissue right to the bone—relieves the congestion and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Here's Proof.

A. W. LAY of Lafayette, Ala., writes:—"I had rheumatism for five years. I tried doctors and several different remedies but they did not help me. I obtained a bottle of Sloan's Liniment which did me so much good that I would not do without it for anything."

THOMAS L. RICE of Easton, Pa., writes:—"I have used Sloan's Liniment and find it first-class for rheumatic pains."

Mr. G. G. JONES of Haldwins, L.I., writes:—"I have found Sloan's Liniment par excellence. I have used it for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall, and to my great satisfaction I was able to resume my duties in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is an excellent remedy for sprains, bruises, sore throat, asthma. No rubbing necessary—you can apply with a brush.

At all dealers. Price, 25c., 50c. & \$1.00. Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Poultry sent free. Address Dr. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.

NOTICE

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Best Kentucky Lump

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DELIVERED

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BOTH PHONES

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CARRY ANCHORS
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and not use it,

Than to want it and not have it.

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HENRY HELM

Insurance of All Kinds—RIGHT IF I
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Calls promptly answered night or
day. Satisfaction guaranteed.

"MY LADY OF
DOUBT."—Continued.

our bowed before us. He had been



"If I Leave You Now as You Request
I Must First Have Promise of Wel-
come Again."

but a dim figure in the afternoon, but
now I saw him for a tall, slender man,
somewhat swarthy of face, with black
hair and moustache, and a keen eye,
attired in the green and white of the
Queen's Rangers. He smiled, but with a
sarcasmic curl to the upper lip not
altogether pleasant.

"Your pardon, Mistress Claire," he
said boldly, sweeping me with a super-
cilious glance, "but am I mistaken in
believing this waltz was pledged to me?"

"By mistake, captain," her lips
smiling, her eyes steady. "It seems
I overlooked a promise made during
the afternoon."

"Oh, indeed," he turned toward me,
staring insolently. "The hero of the
rescue, I presume."

I felt the restraining pressure of her
hand upon my sleeve, and her voice
replied calmly, before I succeeded in
finding words.

"This is the gentleman who protect-
ed me from the mob, if that is what
you mean. Permit me to present Cap-
tain Grant of the Queen's Rangers,
Lieutenant—pardon my having already
forgotten your name."

"Fortesque," I stammered, intensely
hating the necessary deception.

"Ah, yes—Lieutenant Fortesque of
the Forty-second British Foot."

We bowed coldly, neither extending
a hand, the captain twisting his mus-
tache as he continued staring at me.

"Fortesque," he repeated slowly.

"Fortesque; not of this garrison, I be-
lieve."

"No, from New York," coolly. "I re-
gret having interfered with your pro-
gram."

"Don't mention it; there are other
ladies present, and, no doubt, your
gallant act was worthy the reward; a
pleasant evening, sir," and he with-
drew aside, stiffly military. Eager to
lose as little as possible of the mea-
sure, I swung my partner forward,
catching glimpse again of the man's
face as we drew.

"Pleasant disposition," I ventured,
without meaning to be unkind.

"Oh, very," and her eyes met mine
frankly. "But you must not quarrel
with him; that is his one specialty,
you know."

"Is the warning on your account,
or my own?"

"Both, perhaps. Captain Grant's
family and mine are neighbors—or
were before war intervened—and be-
tween our fathers exists a life-long
friendship. I could never consent to
be the cause of his quarreling with
anyone, and I have reason to know
how quick tempered he is."

"I have little use for any man who
swaggers about seeking trouble," I re-
turned, as she hesitated. "It has been
my experience that there is usually
cowardice back of such a disposition."

"No in this case," earnestly. "Cap-
tain Grant's courage has been suffi-
ciently tested already. I warn you
not to presume on your theory so far
as he is concerned. I advise the safer
course."

"What is that?"

Her eyes met mine, smiling slightly,
and yet grave enough in their depths.
"To let this one dance prove suffi-
cient reward for your act of rescue."

"You request this?"

"Oh, you must not place the entire
burden of decision on me, sir. I can
only suggest."

"Has Captain Grant any authority
to dictate who shall be your partner?"
Her lashes lifted, and then fell be-
fore my gaze.

"He at least assumes the power,
and generally with fair success. I
must ask to be excused from discus-
sion this matter further now, but—but,"
her voice trembled to a whisper, "I—
I am sure your safety depends upon
your leaving me."

Astonished by these words, sudden-
ly wondering if she suspected me,
scarcely comprehending what she
meant, I stared into her face, as she
circled the room. Grant stood stiffly
against the wall where we left him,
his eyes fastened moodily on the
crowd; I realized his presence, yet
my whole thought was concentrated
on the girl, the strands of her hair
brushing my lips, her steps lightly fol-
lowing the music, her eye downcast.
Into the cheeks there came a flush of
pink, and she glanced up to read the
surprise in my face.

"Do I need to say more?"

"Yes, you must," I insisted, "you can
never believe I would leave you be-
cause of personal fear."

"I did not know—at first. Now I
realize it will require a higher motive

to influence you; not love of life, but
love of country."

I felt the closer clasp of her fingers
on my guiding hand, and knew I took
a deep breath of surprise.

"Lean your head just a little closer,"
she whispered. "I—I know you, Ma-
jor Lawrence, and—and I wish you
well."

How I kept to the measure I cannot
imagine, for, in an instant, all my
house of cards crumbled into nothing-
ness. She knew me, this blue-eyed
girl; knew me, and sought to aid my
mission, this daughter of a loyalist,
this lady of the Blended Rose. It was
inconceivable, and yet a fact—my
name had been whispered by her lips.

Suddenly she looked up laughing, as
though to make others feel that we
conversed lightly. We passed Grant,
even as I held my breath, almost
afraid to venture with words. Yet
they would not be restrained.

"You certainly startled me; how do
you know this? Surely we have never
met before?"

"I refuse to be questioned, sir; it
means nothing how I know—the fact
that I do should be sufficient."

"Must Mistress Claire—"

"Rather Mistress Mortimer."

"Yet the captain called you Claire."

"And we were children together—
you can scarcely claim such familiar-
ity."

"I warrant you can name me."

"Allen, is it not, sir?"

What was it the witch did not know!
This was no guess work, surely, and
yet how could her strange knowledge
be accounted for? Sweet as the face
was, greatly as it had attracted me,
there was nothing to awaken a throbb-
ing of memory. Surely I could never have
seen her before, and forgotten; that
would have been impossible. The mu-
sic ceased, leaving us at the farther
extremity of the hall.

"And now you will go?" she ques-
tioned eagerly.

"You mean, leave here?"

"Yes; you said once tonight, that
but for me you would be riding yon-
der. I realized all you meant, and
you must not remain. The guard lines
are slack tonight, and you can get
through, but if you wait until tomor-
row it may be too late. Believe me, I
am your friend, a friend of your
cause."

"Do believe you; I could not con-
nect you with deceit, but I am bewil-
dered at this sudden exposure. Does
Captain Grant also suspect my iden-
tity?"

"I think not—not yet, at least, for if
he did you would be under arrest. But
there are others here who would re-
cognize you just as I have. There is
no mystery about it. I was in Phila-
delphia when the Continental troops
were here, and you were pointed out
to me then. No, we have never met,
yet I was sure I recognized you this
afternoon."

"I was pointed out to you by
whom?"

"My brother—my twin brother on
the staff of General Lee."

"Did you not inform me your family
were loyalists?"

"Yes; it is true," earnestly, her foot
tapping the floor, as though annoyed
at such persistent questioning. "I
have a father and brother in the
king's service—but one is a renegade,
and I—I—"

"You are what?"

"I am merely a woman, sir, unable
to determine whether to finally be-
come loyalist or rebel."

I looked gravely into her eyes until
they fell, veiling their revelation of
truth behind long lashes.

"Mistress Mortimer," I murmured,
bending so close to her pink ear, I felt
the soft touch of her hair on my lips,
"you dissemble so charmingly as to
even puzzle me. But if I leave you
now, as you request, I must first have
promise of welcome again."

"Then you mean to return—a pris-
oner? I am always merciful to the
suffering."

"No; we are coming back to Phila-
delphia victors, and soon. I am not
afraid to tell you. I have learned
much today, and go back to report to
Washington that the exchange of Brit-
ish commanders means the early evo-
cuation of the city. When we meet
again you will not be a lady of the
Blended Rose, nor will I be wearing
this uniform."

Her eyes sparkled brightly into
mine, then dropped demurely.

"I—I rather like the colors you are
wearing now, and am sure this dress
is most becoming. I—I have a pas-
sion for masquerade."

"I recognize that, but have already
discovered where I can read the truth
beyond the masque—what is occurring
now?"

She turned to look, attracted as I
had been by the change and bustle
about us. A few feet from where we
stood conversing, large folding doors,
previously concealed by draperies,
were suddenly flung wide open, re-
vealing a magnificent dining hall.
Dazzled by the magnificent spectacle,
I turned to my companion, unable to
resist temptation. She must have in-
stantly read the purpose in my face,
for she grasped my sleeve.

"No; you must not think of remain-
ing a moment longer. There will be
a seat reserved for me, and Captain
Grant is coming this way now. Some-
thing is wrong, I am sure; I have no
time to explain, but promise me you
will leave here at once—at once."

Her eyes, her words, were so in-
sistent I could not refuse, although as
I glanced about I felt convinced
there was no danger in this assem-
blage, not a familiar face meeting
mine. At the instant Grant came up,
elbowing his way through the press,
and staring insolently into my eyes,
even as he bowed politely to the lady
beside me.

"At least this is my privilege," he
insisted, "unless there be another pre-
vious engagement of which I am ig-
norant."

"Oh, no," and she rested her hands
on the green sleeve, smiling from his
face into mine. "We were waiting for
you to come. Goodnight, Lieutenant
Fortesque."

They had taken a step or two, when
Grant halted, holding her arm tightly
as he glanced back to where I stood.

"Would Lieutenant Fortesque spare
me a moment after I have found the
lady a seat?" he questioned politely.

"Gladly, if you do not keep me
waiting too long."

"Then there will be no delay. Shall
we say the parlor below?"

I bowed, conscious of the mute ap-
peal in the lady's face, yet with no
excuse for refusal.

"As well there as anywhere, sir."

Once again we bowed with all the
punctilious ceremony of mutual dis-
like, and he whispered something into
her ear as they disappeared in the
stream of people. My cheeks burned
with indignation at his cool insolence.
What could it mean? Was he merely
seeking a quarrel? or was there some-
thing else concealed behind this re-
quest? In either case I knew not how
to act, and yet felt no inclination to
avoid the meeting. Studying over the
situation I pushed my way through
the crowd across the floor of the hall-
room. There were a few people still
lingering on the stairs, but, except for
the servants, the parlor below were
deserted. I walked the length of one
of the great rooms, and halted in
front of a fireplace to await Grant's
coming. I was eager to have this af-
fair settled, and he off. I compre-
hended now the risk I had assumed
by remaining so long, and began to
feel the cords of entanglement draw-
ing about me. There was a door op-
posite where I stood, and, starting
toward it, I saw it open slightly, and,
back in the darkness, the beckoning
of a hand. Startled, yet realizing that
it must mean me, I stepped closer,
gripping the hilt of my sword, half
suspecting treachery.

"Quick," and I recognized the deep
contralto of the voice. "Don't stop to
question; there is not a moment to
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"Quick," and I recognized the deep
contralto of the voice. "Don't stop to
question; there is not a moment to
lose."

Continued Next Week.



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lin, lot West Hickman, \$500.

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et al, her children, 87 acres land near
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Martha J. Batsell to B. E. Tucker,
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R. N. Phipps to Mrs. Katie Matlock,
lots Fulton, \$1500.

Dora Matthews to J. E. Hannephill,
lots Fulton, \$2200.

Will Bynum, age 26, and Miss Al-
lie Webb, age 16, were united in mar-
riage Saturday. The bride is a
daughter of J. W. Webb.

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Regular meetings on Wednesday
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T. C. BONDURANT, Clerk



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portions. Many of the goods have just come in and all are
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The only way to convince yourself of the
value of these great bargains is to come in-
to this store today and inspect them for
yourself. You need not buy unless you
want to.

Get here early---have first choice.

Some Special Bargains:

\$25.00 Davenport	\$18.00 Oak Beds	\$ 2.75
15.00 Beds	10.00 Dining Chairs	1.00
15.00 Wardrobes	12.00 Buffets	16.00

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FRESH MEATS

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do handle the best of everything to eat—including
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Snowflake Flour

Every sack guaranteed.

A share of your business solicited. Phone No. 74

Ask about our coupon system if you
want to save money.

Matheny & Plant

Are You?
A Woman?

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

CLAYTON NOTES.

School will close here Friday.

Albert Caldwell spent Sunday in Union City.

Miss Lillian Cheatham is visiting Martin friends.

Harvey Cloar sold a drove of hogs to Sam Wade Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cloar spent Sunday with Miss Pearl Cloar.

Those on the sick list are Miss Pearl Cloar and Master Theo Cloar.

Archie Donnell and family, of Hickman will move to the C. H. Bruer farm real soon.

There will be preaching at Reelfoot Sunday by Rev. Walton Stigler. Everybody invited to come.

It Looks Like a Crime

To separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. His pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, strains and bruises demand it, and its quick relief for burns, scalds or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healable and does it quick. Unequaled for piles. Only 25 cents at Helm & Ellison's.

The Scott county farmer who tied a 2½ pound piece of iron in a haid of tobacco was evidently trying to keep pace with the Breathitt county citizen who sold a merchant a 5-pound cake of butter that contained a large piece of biscuit dough in the center.

ACTUAL STARVATION.

Facts About Indigestion and Its Relief That Should Interest You.

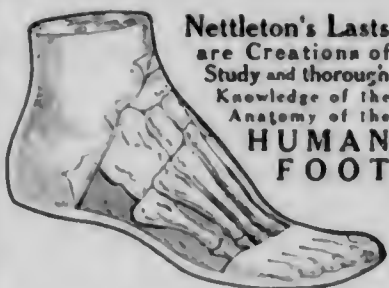
Although indigestion and dyspepsia are so prevalent, most people do not thoroughly understand their cause and cure. There is no reason why most people should not eat anything they desire if they will only chew it carefully and thoroughly. Many actually starve themselves into sickness through fear of eating every good-looking, good-smelling, and good-tasting food, because it does not agree with them.

The best thing to do is to fit yourself to digest any good food.

We believe we can relieve dyspepsia. We are so confident of this fact that we guarantee and promise to supply the medicine free of all cost to every one who will use it, who is not perfectly satisfied with the results which it produces. We exact no promises, and put no one under any obligation whatever. Surely, nothing could be finer. We are located right here and our reputation should be sufficient assurance of the genuineness of our offer.

We want every one troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia in any form to come to our store and buy a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Take them home and give them a reasonable trial, according to directions. Then, if not satisfied, come to us and get your money back. They are very pleasant to take; they aid to soothe the irritable stomach, to strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, and to promote a healthy and natural bowel action, thus leading to perfect and healthy digestion and assimilation.

A 25c. package of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets furnishes 15 days' treatment. In ordinary cases, this is sufficient to produce a cure. In more chronic cases, a longer treatment, of course, is necessary, and depends upon the severity of the trouble. For such cases, we have two larger sizes which sell for 50c. and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store. The Hickman Drug Co.



Nettleton's Lasts
are Creations of
Study and thorough
Knowledge of the
ANATOMY of the
HUMAN
FOOT

H. E. CURLIN

House of Quality

For Children's Clothes.

Handwork will be much seen this summer on the children's clothes. It will appear on everything, from the wee baby's first dress to little daughter's dancing frock.

Eyelet work is easy and most effective, and gives a decidedly French touch to a dainty little batiste or nain-sook frock. It is interesting work to be picked up when mother has a few spare moments.

Handstitching is another pretty hand touch for the children's dresses, and can be used for hems, collars and turn-back cuffs, also belts. And now that so many deep knife-plaited ruffles are being used around neck and sleeves nothing could be more simple or stylish than to have these hemstitched.

A very dainty way to finish the new one-piece frocks for the small child is to scallop it around neck and short sleeves, embroidering large or small dots in every other scallop.

Flowers on Straw Hats.

All sorts of flowers appear on the new hats for southern wear and the spring, just as all sorts are worn in the corsage bouquets—from orchids down to pinks. Lilac is favored in white and in color, and it gives a very springlike appearance to the simplest hat. One that is faced with black velvet has tinted lilacs massed all over the crown.

White lilac in great upstanding groups trims another pretty model. Much of the trimming, in fact, is worn high and massed at one side.

FLOOD NOTES—continued.

A. M. Tyler, T. T. Swayne and others are making a hard fight to save it. It is hard to get sufficient help. Some of the idle men who should willingly volunteer to help, are asking \$2.50 a day and board before they will hit a lick. Some of these very fellows will be living on the charity of the people if we are not careful. Watch them.

The government has been asked by Judge Naylor and Attorney Roney to give us rations for from 500 to 700 families, which are now destitute. These supplies should reach us tonight or tomorrow.

There are many false reports and rumors in circulation relative to the high water at Hickman. The daily press is printing some greatly exaggerated reports. Many of the messages received here are untrue.

A report was circulated here this morning that the government levee below town had broken. This is false. Men on this work still have hopes of holding the water back.

Born to Hannon Shaw and wife, Friday, a 9-pound boy.

Mrs. T. A. Ledford recalls the invitation for the Embroidery Club for Friday afternoon on account of the high water.



View of Clinton St. Buildings, with awnings, all have water in them and sidewalks are submerged. This Street may be covered before Friday night.

SEN. BOB TAYLOR DEAD.

Brilliant Statesman and Poet
Dies After Operation.

Sen. Robt. L. Taylor, of Tennessee, died at Washington, Sunday morning, after an operation for gall stones. He was doubtless the most noted and loved man in the state, and all Kentuckians likewise mourn his loss.

He was a dreamer of dreams, a singer of songs, a lover of music and his heart bent ever in touch with the wondrous eloquence of the great men who, in the momentous days of his early youth, were battling along for- ensic lines with the fate of the nation as the hazard in issue.

Only the rudiments of an education were his. When the war between the states became a reality he was eleven years of age. East Tennessee was ablaze with union sentiment. Though a mere child, his heart was with the Confederacy and the speeches of his grandfather, Landon C. Haynes, kept his loyalty constantly aglow. After the war he was still a mere boy, but he read and read on and developed along with nature as he found it all about him. His love for music made the fiddle one of his close companions. With it he could find expression for his soul. He was no artist, but he could touch the horsehair and the catgut and out of the instrument there came the true vent of his soul.

He grew to love all men and never knew malice or animosity. They were hard days for the young man. He had to work and his fortunes were in the hands of himself alone. Despite a politically divided family he boldly declared himself a Democrat, and as such he lived and died.

A newspaper career appealed to him, and with no money and little besides a poetic nature he entered upon it as editor of a weekly paper at Johnson City, in Washington county. He made little success of the enterprise. There was too little of the positive and aggressive in his editorial policy. He had not enough of bitterness to suit subscribers of his political faith and of course his political opponents could not become his sponsors.

His existence became precarious and his fortunes were almost a wreck when there came along a congressional campaign which attracted him. The Republican candidate, A. H. Pettibone, now living, was a man of fine learning and profoundly academic in his utterances. He had served several terms, but his people and he were never closely attached. "Bob" Taylor became the Democratic candidate, more it was believed, to help along the ebbing fortunes of his newspaper than with any prospect of election. But he went forth against the Republican with a fiddle as his weapon instead of a stone in his sling. Pettibone made ornate and literary speeches; "Bob" Taylor intermingled his appeals with strains from his fiddle, which set the youngsters to dancing, and stories such as he only could tell, which softened the hearts of his adversaries and pleaded in their own way for peace and love amongst his fellow citizens. He was elected, to the surprise of Tennessee and the nation.

Besides his wife, Senator Taylor is survived by five children—three daughters and two sons—as follows: Mrs. Campbell Plicher, Nashville; Mrs. George St. John Harriman, Mrs. Hillsman Taylor, Trenton; Robert L. Taylor, Jr., Columbia, and David Taylor, Washington.

With his "infinite zest" and boundless humor, Senator Taylor was of profound religious convictions. It is not many months since he was one of the senators called upon to pronounce a eulogy over the dead Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, who was a close friend. His closing words in referring to this subject of immortality were:

"The flowers of the field rising from countless graves; the unfolding leaves of the forest heralding the approach of summer; the orchards and

the meadows bursting into bloom and myriads of winged minstrels filling the world with melody, are all the evangelists of the Lord, demonstrating before our very eyes the universal victory of life over death.

"Mr. President, look how the rose hears the far away call of the sun and blushes in the presence of its God. Look how the violet comes forth from its tiny tomb and opens its glad blue eyes to greet the spring. Are they not God's own answer to the question: 'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

"If the germ of immortal life, buried beneath the sod, so surely respond to the silent command of summer, who can doubt that man shall spring up out of the unconscious dust into eternal life when God shall call? Can it be that the grass and the flowers are resurrected from the sod of earth, while man, for whom they were made, must sleep on forever?"

All Tennesseans will mourn the death of "Bob" Taylor, who, of all the public men the state has honored, had the strongest hold on their hearts and affections. He was essentially a man of the people.

He loved the "commonfolk" and they loved him. He was so intensely human that every man instinctively felt drawn to him. His heart was overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," and he found his most exquisite joy in the consciousness of having made somebody else happy. Many the loads of grief "Bob" Taylor has lifted from stooping shoulders; many the tear he has wiped from the cheek of sorrow. Indeed was he the "Apostle of Sunshine" and the "Evangel of Love and Laughter and Fine Fellowship."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce Judge Allen Barkley, of Paducah, McCracken county, Ky., as a candidate to represent the First congressional district of Kentucky in the lower branch of the United States congress, subject to the action of the democratic party.

A bill passed by the late legislature requires that competing telephones shall give physical connection for the transmission of messages from one line to another. The different companies running into Hickman have not yet taken up the matter of complying with the provisions of the new law.

Farmers and others who live at a distance from a drug store should keep in the house a bottle of REXALL'S SNOW LINIMENT. It may be needed at any time for cuts, sores, wounds, sprains or rheumatism. It is a powerful healing and penetrating remedy. Price 25, 50c and \$1 per bottle. Sold by Hickman Drug Co.

Subscribe for the Courier.

"MORE FOR YOUR MONEY"



ROCKERS—Rockers—they are our long suit—see our line ranging from \$1.00 to \$30

ST. LOUIS FUR COMPANY (Inc.)
Cash or Credit.



Don't hire a man—

No need to hire a roofer when you buy Peerless Prepared Roofing. To lay a Peerless roof *right* is easier than to lay it *wrong*. Simplest job in the world to do. Just lay Peerless on the roof—nail it down—cement the laps and you're all through. We mean that. Once you've laid a Peerless roof you're all through with roof expense. There'll be no repair bill—no after cost—for it is guaranteed to stay and satisfy.

Peerless Roofing

We know all about prepared roofing—been selling it for years. That's why Peerless Roofing comes to you with our guarantee as well as the manufacturer's. It wouldn't be there if we were not sure that Peerless is the *best* prepared roof on the market today.

Don't confuse Peerless with ordinary prepared roofings, and don't wait to investigate. Drop in and talk it over today.

T. R. Reynolds

NO CAUSE TO DOUBT.

A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee immediate and positive relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where our remedy fails to do this we will return the money paid us for it. That's a frank statement of facts, and we want you to substantiate them at our risk.

Reckall Orderlies are eaten just like candy, are particularly prompt and agreeable in action, may be taken at any time, day or night, do not cause diarrhea, nausea, griping, excessive looseness, or other undesirable effects. They have a very mild but positive action upon the organs with which they come in contact apparently acting as a regulative tonic upon the relaxed muscular coat of the bowel, thus overcoming weakness, and adding to restore the bowels to more vigorous and healthy activity.

Reckall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. That's why we back our faith in them with our promise of money back if they do not give entire satisfaction. Three sizes: 12 tablets 10 cents, 30 tablets 25 cents and 50 tablets 50 cents. Remember, you can obtain Reckall Orderlies only at our store—The Reckall Store. The Hickman Drug Co.

MRS. MARY WAKEFIELD
Succumbs to Pneumonia
After a Brief Illness.

Mrs. Mary Wakefield died Saturday at the home of J. W. Matthews, near town, after a week's illness of pneumonia. She was born in Dyer county, Tenn., May 7, 1847, but had resided in this vicinity most of her life. Mrs. Wakefield and her husband had separated, and the last heard from him, about a year ago, he was somewhere in Florida.

Deceased was a member of the Presbyterian church at Antioch, and is said to have been a most excellent lady. Her remains were laid to rest at Brownsville, Sunday afternoon.

Next Sunday at the First Methodist Church will be Easter services in the Sunday School. At 11 o'clock Rev. W. C. Waters, Presiding Elder, will preach. Preaching also at 7:30 p. m. The revival meeting has been postponed on account of high water. At East Hickman Chapel regular services next Friday evening at 7:30. Sunday School Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Bad breath, bitter taste, dizziness and a general "no account" feeling is a sure sign of a torpid liver. REXALL'S LIVER PILLS is the medicine needed. It makes the liver active, vitalizes the blood, regulates the bowels and restores a fine feeling of energy and cheerfulness. Price 50c. Sold by the Hickman Drug Co.

John M. Gardner, of Martin, visited Rev. G. W. Wilson and family Sunday and Monday.

FOOT SALE: Good mare, buggy and harness.—Jno. Kirkindall, Hickman. 1

The stork left a boy at the home of Mont. S. Ward, Saturday.

Mrs. Boyle, mother of Mrs. Josh Monan, is quite sick.

After Easter Sunday, no marriage ceremony will be performed in a certain Chicago church unless a certificate of health accompanies the marriage license. This ultimatum was issued by Dean Sumner in a strong sermon delivered there Sunday and in this step he is backed by Bishop C. P. Anderson and other members of the clergy. For years, physicians and scientists have been trying to inaugurate through legislation a law providing against marriages where both parties are not able to furnish satisfactory health certificates. The Dean and Bishop have joined in a movement now through the churches which will accomplish the same result.

It is currently reported that Gov. McCreary will call an extra session of the legislature soon after the November election to enact some tax measures looking to the relief of the exhausted condition of the treasury.

Thursday afternoon, Miss Ada May Avey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Avey, of Columbia, was united in marriage to Dr. William Peebles, at the home of her parents.

After suffering for years with kidney trouble James M. Choat died at his home in Mayfield, Wednesday.

Let us have your Easter cleaning and pressing now.—White Bros.

DANGER PERIOD OF WOMAN'S LIFE FROM 45 to 50

Interesting Experience of Two Women—Their Statements Worth Reading.

Asheville, N.C.—"I suffered for years with female trouble while going through the Change of Life. I tried a local physician for a couple of years without any substantial benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I quit my physician and commenced using it with the happiest results. I am today practically a well woman and anxious to contribute my mite towards inducing others to try your great medicine, as I am fully persuaded that it will cure the ailments from which I suffered if given a fair chance.

"If you think this letter will contribute anything towards further introducing your medicines to afflicted women who are passing through this trying period, it is with great pleasure I consent to its publication."—Mrs. JULIA A. MOORE, 17 East St., Asheville, N.C.

The Case of Mrs. Kirilin.
Circleville, Ohio.—"I can truthfully say that I never had anything do me so much good during Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Before I had taken one half a bottle of it I began to feel better, and I have continued taking it. My health is better than it has been for several years. If all women would take it they would escape untold pain and misery at this time of life."—Mrs. ALICE KIRILIN, 358 W. Mill St., Circleville, Ohio.

The Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. At such times women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kentucky State Notes.

Frankfort.—A jury in the Franklin circuit court listened to a speech by a convict, in defense of himself, probably the first time in the history of the state that a convict acted as his own attorney. The prisoner was Frank Sayman, a burglar and prize-fighter, who had escaped from the penitentiary several months since. He was tried on a charge of escaping and lost his first case as a lawyer, for he was convicted and sentenced to serve from one to six years in the penitentiary in addition to the term he is now serving for housebreaking, in Mt. Sterling.

Sayman spoke to the jury in his own behalf and made an eloquent plea. He is a good-looking young man and his speech appealed strongly to the jurors, but they could not help but find him guilty, as there was no evidence presented for the defense. Sayman cross-examined Col. E. E. Mudd, the warden, and the other witnesses introduced. He is regarded as one of the most dangerous men in the penitentiary.

Charles Kling, a negro, charged also with escaping, was convicted and sentenced to the prison for one to six years. He had only 58 days to serve when he ran away from the warden's house, where he was cooking. He did not have a lawyer and told the jury that he did not know he was violating any law when he escaped from the penitentiary.

Will Repair Roads.

The Franklin county fiscal court, at its late session fixed the county levy for this year at 75 cents on the \$100, which is the same rate as last year, though it is divided up a little differently. The rate this year is 25 cents for turnpikes and bridges, 20 cents for ordinary and general expenditures, 5 cents for sinking fund; 10 cents for Kentucky Midland Railroad and 15 cents for schools, the latter to be levied only on property outside the city of Frankfort. A per capita of 50 cents was also levied on all persons outside the city for school purposes.

The court decided to proceed at once to have the needed repairs made on all the turnpikes in the county and all the bad places will be put in good shape just as soon as the weather will permit. The continued rains have prevented any work from being done on the roads, but the court will meet again to hurry up the matter of repairs.

Would Parole Judge Booe.

Efforts to secure a parole for Judge C. E. Booe, late claim clerk in the auditor's office, was renewed before the prison commission at a meeting held recently. The mental and physical condition of Judge Booe was the chief argument used in favor of granting the parole and the friends of the former state official are hopeful of favorable action. It is said by Mr. E. M. Maggard, prison physician, that Judge Booe is a broken man and in such a nervous condition as to seriously affect his health. Dr. Maggard says that Booe does not sleep well and spends much of his time walking the floor at night. His condition is said to be pitiable, although he never complains. Friends of Judge Booe say that he has been punished as severely as it is possible to punish him and that any further confinement in the prison would punish his family far more than it would punish Booe. He has been in prison nearly four years and has suffered the shame and disgrace of conviction and confinement in the penitentiary, his friends say, and they believe that further confinement would mean his early death.

Crops Will Be Late.

The farmers of this county will be farther behind with their spring farm work this year than for many years, on account of the continued rains. Very little plowing has been done, and scores of tobacco growers have not been able to even put out their plant beds. This means that many tobacco crops will be very late in planting, and also that corn and other crops will be late, too. The rains of the past 10 days have been a great help to the pastures, but have checked all attempts at plowing up land to be put in corn or other crops.

Elks Install Officers.

The Frankfort Lodge of Elks installed their newly-elected Past Exalted Ruler Grant L. Roberts, serving as district deputy grand exalted ruler, as installing officer. Ben Marshall, the new exalted ruler, announced the following appointments: Esquires, Lea A. Owens; chaplain, Charles H. Morris; finance committee, H. B. Warr; S. W. Tutt and J. W. Pruett, Jr.; board of governors for the Elks' home, John W. Millam, R. W. McRory, T. N. Lindsey, A. V. Hite and W. P. Graham.

The members of the I. O. O. F., of Hickman, are urged to attend special meeting of the lodge tonight (Thursday). Judge A. W. Clements, of Morgantown, will be present in a special capacity.

Miss Minnie Barkdale and Mrs. Harpole, of Union City, were guests of Miss Mollie Bourne latter part of last week.

Mrs. R. B. Johnson has been dangerously ill for several days.

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT



(Copyright)

TAFT SWEEPS NEW YORK

President Indorsed by Indiana Republicans.

New York, Stateswide Republican primaries for delegates to the Republican national convention at Chicago resulted in the election of organization candidates in practically every district where there was a contest, according to unofficial returns fairly complete in many instances at hand.

Claims that at least 83 of the 90 delegates will be for Taft were made by State Chairman William Barnes, Jr., and John W. Hutchinson.

Taft Gets Indians.

Indianapolis.—Controlling the Indiana Republican convention by a majority of 105 of the 1439 delegates, supporters of President Taft today elected their four candidates for delegates at large to the national convention, and instructed them to vote for the renomination of the president. Fourteen members of the Indiana delegation of 30 to the national convention have been instructed to vote for the renomination of Taft, and the Roosevelt forces have two.

GOV. DONAGHEY DEFEATED

Race Between Davis and Brundidge Is Very Close.

Little Rock.—The election of Congressman Joe T. Robinson over Gov. Donaghey was conceded. His majority will be in the neighborhood of 50,000.

The contest for United States senator is still in doubt, with Brundidge and Davis running close together. Both are claiming the nomination. At midnight Davis was slightly in the lead of Brundidge, but returns after that hour were favorable to Brundidge, and at 2 o'clock they were running neck and neck.

Convict Fooled Colquitt.

Fort Worth, Tex.—That Jake McKinney, formerly a convict in the state penitentiary at Rusk, Tex., who was freed by Gov. Colquitt because of a touching poem the convict was said to have written, stole the poem, is the assertion made by the News, a paper published at the Columbus, Ohio, state penitentiary.

Mile in 39.35 Seconds.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Riding an Indian motorcycle, W. E. Hulse lowered his own world's record for a mile at the stadium when he negotiated the distance in 39.35 seconds. Hulse's previous record was 41.25 seconds.

Homestead Bill Passed.

Washington.—The house passed a bill reducing from five to three years the period of residence required on homestead lands before patents are issued. It also permits entrymen and their families during the period to be absent from their homesteads five months in each year. The legislation has been before congress for several years.

The bill, which already has passed the senate, was amended in minor particulars in the house and was sent to conference.

HICKMAN PROOF.

Should Convince Every Hickman Reader.

The frank statement of a neighbor, telling the merits of a remedy, bids you pause and believe. The same endorsement by some stranger far away commands no belief at all. Here's a Hickman case. A Hickman citizen testifies. Read and be convinced.

John H. Nelson, painter, Hickman, Ky., says: "Last year I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and they did me a great deal of good. I had kidney trouble and my bladder was affected. I suffered constantly from pains in my back and seeing Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended, I got a supply. Their use as directed cured me and since then, I have had no need of a kidney medicine. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney trouble.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

PAYS TRIBUTE TO DEAR KENTUCKY

NOTED WRITER "SAVOYARD" CONTRIBUTES BRIEF EULOGY TO BLUE GRASS STATE.

INSURANCE LAW BEFORE COURT

Frankfort.—"Savoyard," the brilliant and versatile Kentucky writer, who makes his home in Washington, recently paid this graceful tribute to the manifold attractions of his native state:

"All Kentucky is divided into twice as many parts as all Gaul was when Great Caesar wrote of it. Reading from east to west, they are the Mountains, the Redbud, the Bluegrass, the Beargrass, the Pennyrile and the Purchase. And it is the simple truth that there is more diversity of products in old Kentucky than in any other state. In her bowels are limitless stores of coal, iron, petroleum, gas, stone and other minerals. She has standing in the forest more hardwood timber than any other state. She is first in tobacco and hemp. All the grains—corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye—are grown even under antiquated and slipshod tillage in astonishing abundance. Fully developed, Kentucky might be the dairy of the republic. She makes more fine table whiskies than all the rest of the Union beside, and the fame of her live stock is worldwide. In the Purchase the cotton plant thrives. She is the garden of our continent.

"There is something in the climate or the soil, or both, that makes the Kentuckian a marked and distinctive character. Admitted into the Union in 1792, the fruit of the prowess of Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark, and of the statecraft of Patrick Henry, Kentucky is the pet of the nation. From that day she has been the belle of the sisterhood, as from the moment the hardy pioneers, Logan, McDowell and their comrades assembled at Danville to build a state, she was the bride-elect of the Genius of Liberty."

To Pass on Insurance Law.

Three judges of the federal court will sit in Frankfort to hear arguments in the case involving the constitutionality of the recently enacted law creating a fire insurance commission to regulate rates.

Helm Bruce, of the firm of Bruce & Bullitt, has filed suit on the part of the various life insurance companies doing business in Kentucky, by which they seek to have the federal courts declare invalid the recent act passed by the Kentucky legislature to regulate fire insurance rates in Kentucky and creating a commission for that purpose. This commission was organized this week.

The suit was filed in Covington by Mr. Bruce before United States District Judge A. M. J. Cochran. Under a recent act of congress it is illegal to suspend as unconstitutional a state law except after a hearing before three federal judges, and Judge Cochran addressed a letter to United States Circuit Judge Warrenton, at Cincinnati, asking him to designate two federal judges to sit with Judge Cochran at Frankfort in a hearing of the case. The case will be one of the first tried under the new law defining the relation of federal judges to state laws, and will attract wide attention.

Telephone Row Is Settled.

Judges of the court of appeals yesterday were appealed to by the Pikeville Home Telephone company for an injunction to restrain the Big Sandy Valley Telephone company from interfering with its wires. The two companies, doing business in Pikeville, have been at odds and each alleges that the other has been interfering with the stretching of wires of the other company. The hearing was before Judge Hobson, who called in the other judges who are in Frankfort, to sit with him. A modified injunction was granted that will prevent any interference.

Larges April Docket for Years.

When Judge Stout convenes the April term of circuit court he will find 113 appearance cases on the docket, which is the largest April docket for a number of years.

L. & N. Ordered to Repay Sum.

The unusually large sum of \$3,206 was ordered repaid by the Louisville & Nashville railroad to John Strickland of Insko, Ky., by the Interstate Commerce commission today. Strickland asked the sum in reparation for alleged excessive charges on a shipment of crosties.

New Property.

When the legislature of 1914 convened the state of Kentucky will have separate and distinct pieces of valuable property, whose aggregate value would represent a sum in the neighborhood of between seven and ten million dollars in Frankfort. The property owned here is: The new capitol, the old capitol, the main penitentiary, the Feeble Minded Institute, the State arsenal, the new mansion and the old mansion. Nor is this the extent of the riches which belongs to the state and is located here.

Among the blind, halt, lame—a crazy man got into the refugee camp at Hickman. We have quite a variety, thank you.



DAY DREAMS NEVER COME TRUE WITHOUT A BANK ACCOUNT

Copyright 1910, by C. B. Travis

MANY people see the things they desire in their imagination, but few attain them, because they do not set about accomplishing their desires in an intelligent manner. Few ambitions today are accomplished without a

BANK ACCOUNT

If you do not possess one, why delay any longer in taking the first step toward success?

The Peoples Bank

Solicits Your Patronage.

C. B. TRAVIS, Cashier.

HICKMAN MARBLE WORKS

ESTABLISHED 1865

TOM DILLON, Sr., Prop.

(Successor to B. G. Hammege, deceased)

Marble and Granite Monuments

CURBING, STONE WORK OF ALL KINDS, IRON FENCING.

Hickman, Kentucky

Farmers and Merchants Bank

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY

DIRECTORS

R. M. ISLER
B. T. DAVIS
Dr. J. M. RUBBARD

J. J. C. BONDURANT
Geo. B. THRELKELD
T. A. LEDFORD

HENRY SANGER

We combine absolute safety with satisfactory service, and offer our depositors the most liberal treatment consistent with sound banking.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

J. J. C. BONDURANT, President J. A. THOMPSON, Cashier
B. G. HAMMEGE, Asst. Cashier

FARMERS' TELEPHONES.

A dollar a month does not go far enough after it gets into the telephone company's treasury to satisfy the manager who has to pay the upkeep and operating expenses on a big rural line system, and keep a little small change to hand over to stockholders once in six months. He has to cut too many corners, and run too many chances of getting caught short of a bank balance by a sheet storm or a law suit.

Twelve dollars is too low for farmers' line service on the average system, with the quality and cost improved as it has been in the last few years. It is time to start after this rate. The farmers can afford to pay more—why should not they be induced to recognize value received?

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We are installing a "DAY CIRCUIT," and our lines will carry 2300 volts of electricity twenty-four hours per day.

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MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the Northside"

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great fete and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a will, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Mistress Mortimer, (the Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V.

The Threat of Swords. Stepping from the glare of those gleaming parlor lights into the gloom of that narrow passage, blinded me for the instant, yet a moment later, I became aware of the distant glimmer of a candle, the faint reflection revealing the girl's face.

"Please do not talk; do not ask anything—yet," she urged hurriedly, noiselessly closing the door at my back, and as instantly gripping my sleeve. Her breath came quickly; her voice trembled from suppressed excitement. "Come with me, beyond the light yonder."

I followed her guidance, bewildered, yet having every confidence the reason for this mysterious occurrence must be fully justified. The passage curved slightly, terminating at a closed door. Scarce a reflection of the candle reached us here, yet my eyes were by now sufficiently accustomed to the gloom so that I could trace the outlines of her face. A vague doubt took possession of me.

"You are coming me to run away from Grant," I protested blindly. "You are making me appear afraid to meet him."

"No, it is not that," swiftly. "He was not coming to you personally at all—you were to be arrested."

"What! He knew me then?" "I am not sure—some one did, and mentioned his suspicions. Captain Grant was glad enough of an excuse, no doubt, but he, the soft voice faltering, "he made a mistake in twitting me for being friendly toward you."

"And you came to warn, to save me!" I exclaimed, pressing her hand. "That was nothing; I could do no less. I am only glad I knew the way."

"You mean how you might reach me first?" "Yes; it came to me in a flash when he first left me alone, only I was not certain in which parlor you would be waiting. I ran through the kitchen and down the back stairs; I helped the officers plan their decorations, and in that way learned of this private passage beneath the stairs. It was easy, but—oh, listen! they are in there now!"

We could hear voices through the intervening wall clearly enough to even distinguish words, as the speakers exchanged little restraint. I felt the girl's slender figure press against me in the narrow space where we stood, and I clung to her hand, both remaining motionless and silent.

"That fellow has run, Grant," boomed some one hoarsely, "either afraid, or else what you say he is. See here, boy, did you see anyone in here lately in scarlet jacket?"

"I don't just 'member, sah," answered a Negro, hesitatingly. "I was busy over dar' cleanin' de sideboard."

"Well, he's not here now, that's certain," broke in Grant impatiently, "and we've been in all the parlors? What next, MacHugh?"

"Try to head him off before he can get out of the city, of course. That's his game, probably. Osborne, have Carter come here at once. Why didn't you nab the fellow upstairs, Captain? Fool play that, sending him down here."

"I didn't wish to create a row in the ball-room; he was with Claire Mortimer."

"Oh, I see," laughing coarsely. "Something besides military duty involved, eh?"

"I'll trouble you to be a trifle more careful, MacHugh," Grant said stiffly. "The fellow did her a small service in the afternoon, and she couldn't refuse dancing with him, as he was in uniform, and apparently all right. I advise you to drop that part of the affair. Here's Carter now."

I could hear the click of the newcomer's spurs as he crossed the room. MacHugh chuckled.

"Touchy about it just the same, I see; however we'll pass up the lady. Carter, there has been a spy in here tonight, calling himself Lieutenant Fortesque, of the 42nd Regiment. He came through the lines this morning with despatches for Howe, I understand. Did you meet him?"

"No, sir, but one of my men was riding about with him all day—Watts; I heard him telling about it an hour ago."

"Is that so? Where'd they go?" "Covered everything, I judge, from

Callowhill to the Lower Battery. Watts said he asked questions of everybody they met, but he didn't take any notes. He liked the fellow, but thought he was mighty inquisitive. Where is he now, sir?"

"The devil knows, I don't, and you'll have to find out. He'll head north-west likely; he'll never try to cross the river here. How many men have you?"

"Twenty." "Scatter them to every north post. The fellow had no horse, and your troopers can easily get ahead of him. Hurry up now." Carter departed with click of steel, and MacHugh evidently turned to his companion.

"We'll catch the lad all right, Grant. Some of those outposts will nab him before daylight. No use our waiting around here; let's go back upstairs."

The girl's nervous grasp on my arm tightened, her lips pressed close to my ear.

"I—I must get back to my place at the table," she whispered. "Surely you know what to do; this is a rear door; there are stables a hundred feet away; you must get a horse, and ride fast—you—will you do this?"

"Yes, of course—but how can I thank you?"

"Don't try; don't ever even think of it again. I hardly know what mad impulse sent me here. Now I have but one thought—to hurry you away, and get safely back myself—you will go?"

"Yes—but—" "Not now! there is no time for explanation, promises, anything. You heard what they said; every avenue of escape will be blocked within an hour. If you go at once you can outstride them—please, please go!"

She held out her hand, and I grasped it warmly, unable longer to



"If You Go at Once You Can Outstride Them. Please, Please Go!"

war against the pitiful appeal in her voice.

"Yes, I'll go, at once. But I take away with me a memory which will never permit me to be satisfied until we meet again. We have been together so short a time—"

"Had it been longer," she interrupted, "you would know me better, and care less, perhaps. I am a sham; a cheat," a trifle of bitterness in the tone. "You will learn all that some day, and laugh at yourself. Oh, I know you will; so not another word, sir. I am going; then, perhaps, you will."

There was a slight pressure of her fingers, and she had vanished so quickly I could only stare blindly along the deserted passage. Yet, an instant later, the peril of my predicament flashed back upon my mind, and I faced the immediate necessity for so-

Tonic— Alterative

What is a "tonic"? A medicine that increases the strength or the tone of the whole system. What is an "alterative"? A medicine that alters or changes unhealthy action to healthy action. Name the best "tonic and alterative"? Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor about it.

Bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation, dizzy spells—these are some of the results of an inactive liver. Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Pills in these cases. The dose is small, one pill at bedtime.

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BRONCHITIS

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tion. What her strange words might mean could not be interpreted; I made no attempt to comprehend. Now I must find means of escape, and learn the truth later. I opened the door cautiously, and stepped without, every nerve taut, every muscle braced for action. It was a starlit night, and the numerous rear windows of the mansion cast a glare of light for some distance. The dark shadow of a high fence alone promised concealment, and, holding my sword tightly, I crept in that direction, breathing again more freely as I reached its protection unobserved. There was a guard stationed before the stable door—a Grenadier, from the outline of his hat—and others, a little group, were sitting on the grass a dozen feet away. If they had not been already warned I might have been a horse by boldness, but the probability was that here was where Carter had mounted his squad, and I would merely walk forward into a trap. I had better chance the possibility that some visitor had left a horse tied in front, or to one of the stables. With this possibility in mind I turned, and skirted the house, making myself as inconspicuous as possible. There were soldiers on the outside steps, I heard their voices without seeing them, and was thus driven to run swiftly across an open space, memory guiding me toward the opposite pavilion. Breathless, with heart beating fast, I crouched low in the shadow, endeavoring to make out my more immediate surroundings. There were no horses there, but I could clearly distinguish the stamping of restless hoofs somewhere to the right. As I straightened up, determined upon discovering an empty stable if possible, the figure of a man suddenly loomed directly in front, advancing toward me. In startled surprise I took one step backward, but was too late. Already the eyes of the newcomer had perceived my presence, and he sprang forward, tugging at his sword.

"Hold on there! hold on!" he commanded shortly. "Who are you? What the devil are you skulking about out here for?"

It was Grant beyond a doubt: I would recognize the peculiar snarl of that voice in a thousand. He had not gone upstairs then; had not rejoined the lady in the dining-room. What would she think of his absence? What would she do when she realized his probable meaning? Someway I was not frightened, at thus meeting him, but glad—if those others would only keep away, and let us settle the affair between us. Here was his test—a coward would cry out an alarm, summon the guard to his assistance, but if the fellow's nerve only held, or if he had me badly enough, he'd fight it out alone. All this came to me in a flash, and the words of challenge spoken before he even grasped the thought of who I was.

"So I have discovered you, have I? Why did you fail to keep your appointment with me?"

He drew up sharply with an oath, peering at me through the dark, bewildered by my speech.

"The spy! Ye gods, what luck! Do you mean to insinuate I ran away, sir?"

"How else could I interpret it?" I questioned coolly, determined to taunt him to action. "I waited for you, you told me (I) I was tired. Perhaps you will oblige me by explaining your purpose."

He muttered something, but without comprehending its purport I went on threateningly:

"And I think you made use of the word spy just now. Did you mistake me for another?"

"Mistake you? No; I'd know you in hell," he hurled forth, anger making his voice tremble. "I called you a spy, and you are one, you sneaking night rat. You never waited for me in the parlor; if you had you'd now be under arrest."

"Oh, so that was the plan?" "Yes, that was it, Mister Lieutenant Fortesque."

"Well, Grant," I said sternly, "I've got just one answer to make you. You can call your guard, or you can fight it out with me here. Whichever you choose will depend upon whether you are a man, or a cur." I took a step nearer, watching him as best I could in the dark. "You are an unmitigated liar, sir," and with sudden sweep of the arm I struck him with open hand. "Probably you will realize what that means."

(Continued on another page.)

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REAL ESTATE BARGAINS.

No. 80. One lot 75x150 in Southern Heights, with privilege of additional ground if wanted. Small barn on lot. Walks, light and water at front of property.

No. 81. Two residences on lot 100 by 180. One 10-room house, one 4-room house. Located on Troy avenue. Well improved and in good neighborhood. Small house rents at \$8 and large at \$15.

No. 82. Nice 8-room residence, bath, etc. Located on corner lot. About three blocks from business section. Lot 66a99.

No. 83. Nice corner lot in Henry Addition. Large enough for two houses, or one house and good garden. Located near northern extremity of the addition.

No. 84. Residence of 8 rooms located in heart of business section. Fine location for business man. \$2000 cash will swing deal.

No. 85. 1280 acres cut over timber land in Cash river bottom; does not overflow, fine soil and fine body of land. Would make dandy farm when cleared. Two miles from railroad; 16 miles from Jonesboro, Ark. Will sell all or part of tract for half cash on long time payments. Price per acre \$15. Easily worth \$50 when cleared.

No. 86. Farm of 93 acres, 20 in cultivation, rest timber. All high, dry bottom land, under wire fence, good 4-room house, large barn, two wells, small orchard, soil dark loam. Farm will produce fine corn, cotton, hay, fruits, etc. Quarter mile from railroad station. Price \$45 with terms if wanted. Near Jonesboro, Ark.

No. 87. Forty acre farm, 35 acres in cultivation; 10 acres bottom, balance ridge. Good 3-room house, barn, good water, on 2 public roads, fine land. Near school and half mile to railroad station, 6 miles from Jonesboro. Fine fruit and poultry farm; also cotton and corn, etc. Price \$27.50 an acre; terms if wanted.

No. 88. Fine old farm, 2 1/2 miles southeast of Hickman on Dresden road. Contains 190 acres fine land, well improved. Raises fine cotton, corn, wheat, etc. We are not going to make a long talk about this farm. It will bear close inspection, and we are going to sell it. We will sell the whole place together; we will sell 130 acres of it or we will sell 65 acres. Part cash, balance to suit purchaser.

No. 89. Sold.

No. 90. Four lots, each 50x150 feet, on good level ground in Southern Heights. Broad street in front, concrete walks on both sides, water-mains and sewer already in. Will sell one or more lots to suit purchaser. This property comes under special restrictions—no negroes no surface closets, no residence to cost less than \$1,000. Best residence section in Hickman, with no city taxes. This addition was opened last year and eight new houses have gone up, others will go up this spring.

No. 91. Sold.

No. 92. Nice 6 room residence, almost new, lot 60x150, outbuildings, city water, etc., located in southeast part of town in splendid neighborhood, and close to Hickman College. Place will bear close inspection. For \$1650 you can get a deed to this pretty little house.

No. 93. The Dr. H. E. Prather home, located in one of the best neighborhoods in the city, with magnificent river view. House contains seven rooms, city water, electric lights, outbuildings, etc., with big, roomy lot. A very desirable place for a home for any business man. \$2000 will buy it; easy terms.

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W. R. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Tex., was
effected years ago in his brother. "He
had such a dreadful cough," he wrote
"that all our family thought he was
going into consumption, but he began
to use Dr. King's new Discovery, and
was completely cured by ten bottles.
Now he is sound and well and weighs
215 pounds. For many years our family
has used this wonderful remedy for
coughs and colds with excellent
results." It's quick, safe, reliable and
guaranteed. Price 50 cents and \$1.00.
Trial bottle free at Holm & Ellison's.

"MY LADY OF
DOUBT."—Continued.

For an instant he remained so still
I doubted him, even held him cheap;
then the breath surged through his
clenched teeth in a mad oath. He
surged toward me, but my sword was
out, the steel blocking his advance.
"You—you actually mean fight?"
"Why not? Isn't that cause enough?
If not I will furnish more."

"I do not fight spies—"
"Stop! That silly charge is merely
an excuse. You do not believe it your-
self. You wanted a quarrel yonder in
the ball-room. The expression of your
eyes was an insult. Don't evade now.
I am here, wearing the uniform of the
British army. I have every right of a
gentleman, and you will cross swords,
or I'll brand you coward wherever
there is an English garrison."

I saw the sudden flash of his drawn
blade, and flung up my own in guard.
"Wait; not here, Captain," I insisted
quickly. "We're far too near your
watchful friends yonder; besides the
light is poor. Let's try our fortunes
beyond the pavilion, where it can be
simply man to man."

He turned without a word, and I fol-
lowed, eager enough to have done
with the business. The stars gleamed
on the naked weapons held in our
hands, but we exchanged no words
until we had rounded the corner and
come forth into the open space be-
yond.

CHAPTER VI.

The One Hope.

As he stopped and faced about, I at
last halted.
"Perhaps this spot may satisfy your
requirements," he said sarcastically.
"It's far enough away at least, and
the light is not so bad."

"It will do," I replied, and threw my
scarlet jacket on the grass. "Strip to
the white, sir, and then we can see
fairly well where to strike. That's bet-
ter. On guard!"
He came at me fiercely enough, con-
fident of his mastery of the weapon
and, no doubt, expecting me to prove
an easy victim of his skill. His first
onslaught, a trick thrust under my
guard, caused me to give back a step
or two, and this small success yielded
him the over-confidence I always pre-
ferred that an opponent have. I was
young, agile, cool-headed, instructed
since early boyhood by my father, a
rather famous swordsman, in the mys-
teries of the game, yet I preferred that
Grant should deem me a novice. With
this in mind, and in order that I might
better study the man's style, I re-
mained strictly on defense, giving way
slightly before the confident play of
his steel, content with barely turning
aside the gleaming point before it
pricked me. At first he mistook this
for weakness, sneering at my parries,
as he bore in with increasing recklessness.

"A club would be more in your line,
I take it, Mr. Lieutenant Fortesque,"
he commented sarcastically, "but I'll
play with you a while for practice—
ah! that was a lucky turn of the wrist!
So you do know a trick or two? Per-
haps you have a parry for that thrust
as well! Ah! an inch more and I'd
have pricked you—your defense is
not bad for a boy! By all the gods, I
tasted blood then—now I'll give you a
harder nut to crack!"

I was fighting silently, with lips
closed, hushing my breath, scarcely
hearing his comments. Every
stroke, every thrust, gave me insight
of his school, and instinctively my
blade leaped forth to turn aside his
point. He was a swordsman, stronger
than I, and of longer reach, yet his
tricks were old, and he relied more on
strength than subtlety of fence. He
countered with skill, laughing and
taunting me, until his jeers made me
fight grimly, with fresh determination
to end the affair.

"By God! you have a right pretty
thrust from the shoulder," he ex-
claimed. "Been out before, I take it.
But I'll show you something you never
learned. Odds, I'll call your boy's
play!"

"Better hold your breath, for you'll
need it now," I replied shortly. "The
boy's play is over with."

Step by step I began sternly to force
the fighting, driving my point against
him so relentlessly as to hush his
speech. Twice we circled, striking,
countering, fighting, our blades glit-
tering ominously in the starlight, our
breathing labored with the fierceness
of the fighting. Both our swords tasted
blood, he sliding my forearm, I pierc-
ing his shoulder, yet neither wound
sufficed to bring any cessation of ef-
fort. We were mad now with the fever
of it, and struggling to kill, panting
fiercely, our faces flushed, the perspi-
ration dripping from our bodies, our
swords darting swiftly back and
forth. He was my match, and more,
and had we been permitted to go on
to the end, would have worn me down
by sheer strength. Suddenly, above
the clash of steel, came the sound of
voices; our blades were struck up, and
the dark forms of men pressed in be-
tween us.

"Stop it, you botheads!" some one
commanded gruffly. "Hold your man,
Toleston, until I get at the reason for
this fighting. Who are you? Oh, Grant!
What's the trouble now? The old thing, eh?"

I had no desire to wait his answer,
cognizant that Grant was sufficiently

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about cheap singles. We will sell
you the same goods for less money
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if you want it.—C. M. Yates Shingle
Co.



I Had Gained a Hundred Feet Before
Those Behind Me Had Grasped the
Meaning of My Unexpected Flight.

angry to blurt out everything he knew.
They were all facing his way, actu-
ated by the recognition. Breathless
still, yet quick to seize the one and
only chance left, I grabbed up my
jacket from the grass, and sprang into
the darkness. I had gained a hundred
feet before those behind grasped the
meaning of my unexpected flight, and
then the tumult of voices only sent
me flying faster, realizing the pursuit.
The only open passage led directly
toward the river, and I raced through
the black night down the slope as
though all the fiends of hell were af-
ter me. I heard shouts, oaths, but
there was no firing, and was far
enough ahead to be invisible by the
time I attained the bank. An open
space lay there a mere black smudge
in the darkness, and I stumbled blindly across this,

dropping silently over its side into the
water. It was not thought, but breath-
less inability to attempt more, which
kept me there, clinging to a slat on
the side of the barge, so completely
submerged in the river, as to be in-
visible from above. Swearing fiercely,
my pursuers stormed over the
barge, swinging their swords along
the edges to be sure I was not there.
One blade pricked me slightly, but I
held on, sinking yet deeper into the
stream. I could see the dim outline
of heads peering over, but was not dis-
covered. The same gruff voice which
had interrupted the duel broke through
the noise:

"I tell you he turned to the left; I
saw him plainly enough. What did
you say the fellow's name was,
Grant?"

"How do I know? He called himself
Fortesque."

"Sure; the same one Carter was
sent out hunting after. Well, he
dodged down there among those coal
sheds. This is the only way he could
have disappeared so suddenly. Come
on, all of you, except Moore and Car-
taret, and we'll beat the shore."

I heard them scramble across to the
bank, but there were sounds also
proving the guards left behind were
still on the deck above me. Then one
of the fellows sat down on the edge of
the barge, his feet dangling within a
few inches of my head.

"Might as well take it easy, Bill," he
said lazily. "They're like to be an
hour layin' hands on the lad, an' all
we got to do is see he don't fox back
this way. Got any tobacco, mate?"

The other must have produced the
necessary weed, for there was a scrap-
ing of flint and steel, a gleam of fire
glinting on the water, and then the
pungent odor wafted to me in puff of
smoke. With one hand, I unbuckled
my sword belt, letting it, sword and
all, sink silently into the river. I
must cross to the opposite bank some-
how, and would have to dispense with
the weapon. Inch by inch, my fingers
gripping the narrow slat to which I
clung, I worked slowly toward the
stern of the barge, making not so

much as a ripple in the water, and
keeping well hidden below the bulge
of the side. The voices above droned
along in conversation, of which I
caught a few words.

"Who was he? You mean the lad
they're after down yonder? Oh, I mind
now, you came up later after we'd
started the chase. Holy Mother, I
don't know much myself, now I come
to think of it. He looked like a Brit-
isher, what I saw of him, an' he was
fightin' with a Captain of Rangers—
Grant was the name; maybe you know
the man?—behind one of the stands."

"They'll never get him," returned
the other solemnly.

"Because it's my notion he swum
for it. I was closest down the bank,
an' somethin' hit the water."

"But them's the Jerseys over yon-
der; if he was a spy he'd be headin'
the other way."

"It's little he'd think of the way
with the gang of us yelpin' at his
heels. Besides, there's plenty of his
kind over in those Jerseys who'd take
good care of the likes of him."

"But there's a guard stationed
across yonder."

"Fish, a corporal's squad, just about
opposite at the ferry landin', an' a
company of Yagers down at Gloucester.
There's plenty room between for a
bold lad to find free passage."

The two fell silent, starting out over
the water. They had set me thinking,
however, and this knowledge of where
the British pickets were stationed was
exactly the information I most re-
quired. I had no desire to cross the
Delaware, yet apparently in that di-
rection lay the only remaining avenue
of escape.

At the lower end of the boat I man-
aged to silently remove my boots, and
then waited, listening to the move-
ments of the men above. I must have
clung there ten minutes, expecting
every moment the party scouring the
shore would return, yet not daring to
make the venture with those fellows
sitting there, and silently gazing out
across the water. At last I heard them
get to their feet, and tramp about on
the flat deck of the barge, the low
murmur of their voices reaching me,
although words were indistinguishable.
I could hope for no better time. Fill-
ing my lungs with air, I sank below
the surface of the river, and then,
rising, struck boldly out into the full
sweep of the current.

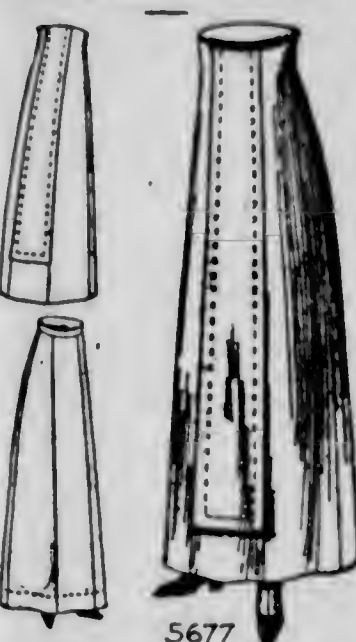
Continued Next Week.



Special Agency
H. E. CURLIN
House of Quality

Practical Fashions

LADY'S SIX-GORED SKIRT.



5677

This stylish six-gored skirt may be
made with high or regulation waist
line. It has a panel front and back.
The garment closes at the left side.
The design may be developed in pan-
ama, serge or broadcloth.

The pattern (No. 5677) is cut in
sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure.
To make the skirt in the medium
size will require 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch
material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents
to "Pattern Department," of this paper.
Write name and address plainly, and be
sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 5677. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

TYPEWRITERS FOR SALE.

All makes of typewriters for sale
on liberal terms to solvent parties at
prices ranging from \$30.00 to \$65.00.
Each typewriter as good and will do
the work of a new one, and is guar-
anteed to do so. All kind of office
supplies and Typewriter Ribbons for
sale. Typewriters repaired on short
notice. Phone or write us and we will
be glad to send a man to see you.—
Tennessee Supply Co., W. W. Moore,
Mgr., Union City, Tennessee.

LEAVE

LAUNDRY

—AT—

R. L. Bradley

Basket leaves every
Tuesday afternoon

Best Work Lowest Prices

GROCERIES

Phone 4 C. H. Moore

J. O. STUBBS

Dentist

10 Ciede Building, over Brevard's Store
Phone No. 81

List your real estate with the
Courier; if we don't sell it, it doesn't
cost you anything.

**Calls Promptly
—ATTENDED—**

Office Phone 311 Res. Phone 658

GEO. H. ALLEN

D. V. S.

Graduate and Licensed

VETERINARIAN

UNION CITY, TENNESSEE

Office Reece Alexander's Barn

Notice W. O. W.

This is to notify members of Elm
Camp No. 3, W. O. W., that your
dues may be paid to T. C. Bondurant
or at the St. Louis Furnishing Co. to
T. A. Stark or H. C. Barrett.
Regular meetings on Wednesday
night of each week. YOU are urged
to be present.

H. McMULLIN, C. C.
T. C. BONDURANT, Clerk



BARGAINS that *are* bargains—not old
stock with new price tickets on. Every
article in the store is marked down to cost or near cost.
This great annual sale helps us to clear the goods which we
have overstocked, and brings down stock to the right pro-
portions. Many of the goods have just come in and all are
the latest style and best make.

The only way to convince yourself of the
value of these great bargains is to come in-
to this store today and inspect them for
yourself. You need not buy unless you
want to.

Get here early—have first choice.

Some Special Bargains:

\$25.00 Davenport	\$18.00 Oak Beds	\$ 2.75
15.00 Beds	10.00 Dining Chairs	1.00
15.00 Wardrobes	12.00 Buffets	16.00

Hickman Furniture Co.

E. E. REEVES, Mgr.

Next Door to P. O.

GROCERIES and

FRESH MEATS

We don't carry everything under the sun, but we
do handle the best of everything to eat—including
of course, our famous

Snowflake Flour
Every sack guaranteed.

A share of your business solicited. Phone No. 74

Ask about our coupon system if you
want to save money.

Matheny & Plant

\$150 FROM PADUCAH.

The Fiscal Court of McCracken county met in special session Tuesday and voted \$250 for the benefit of Columbus and Hickman—the former receiving \$100, and the latter \$150. The members of the court also donated their per diem (\$21) to the fund. Those who attended the special meeting were: County Judge Allen W. Barkley, Magistrates Green Bennett, C. W. Emery, John J. Welch, Baxter Kuykendall, C. M. Ross, G. M. Spitzer and T. S. Walston. The only absentee was Magistrate J. T. Householder.

Besides the fiscal court appropriation, the Paducah News-Democrat and the Paducah Evening Sun are soliciting donations which up to Tuesday were as follows:

Friedman Keller & Co.	\$100.00
Citizens Savings Bank	25.00
News-Democrat	25.00
City National Bank	25.00
Colonial Heights Co.	25.00
B. P. O. E. No. 217	25.00
Sun Pub. Co.	25.00
H. A. Petter	10.00
W. E. Cochran Shoe Co.	10.00
D. H. Wilson	10.00
Rhodes-Hurford	10.00
Dreuss-Well Co.	10.00
Paducah Banking Co.	10.00
M. Livingston Co.	10.00
Charles E. Thompson	5.00
Robert Hill	5.00
Hummel Bros.	5.00
Wallerstein Bros.	5.00
Gleaves & Sons	5.00
"Golden Rule"	5.00
V. B. Norris	5.00
M. M. Tucker	2.00
Cash	3.50
Dr. Vernon Blythe	1.00
Ada Shelton	1.00
W. E. Smith	.50
Total	\$413.50

Puts End to Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver filling the system with billious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them! Let the joy of better feeling end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys, 25c—Helm & Ellison.

400,000 MINERS ON STRIKE

Anthracite Troubles May Be Settled at Meeting April 10.

Indianapolis, Ind.—With only one or two exceptions, the suspension in the coal mining industry of the country, which went into effect when the wage contracts between the members of the United Mine Workers of America and the bituminous and anthracite coal operators expired, is general, and approximately 400,000 miners are out of work.

John P. White, president of the Miners, said he expected the bituminous men to ratify the Cleveland agreement, and return to work probably by April 20. He also predicted a speedy adjustment of a wage contract in the anthracite field, when the miners and operators meet in Philadelphia April 10.

EMERGENCY APPROPRIATION

Mississippi Valley Congressmen Want \$250,000 to Fight Water.

Washington.—The Mississippi flooded districts along the levee lines are to be helped, if congressional aid can do it. Senators Williams, Percy and Thornton, along with representatives from Louisiana and Mississippi, conferred with Speaker Clark and Floor Leader Underwood and obtained their support of a measure of emergency appropriation of \$250,000 for the rescue of the area flooded.

The Mississippi river commission has only about \$30,000 available, and the amount asked for is to provide against further disaster. Representative Ransdell, of Louisiana, senator-elect from that state, introduced the resolution. The action was in response to telegrams from the engineers of the various levee districts in Mississippi and Arkansas, plainly indicating that the floods will go higher than in any year hitherto recorded.

Our Drug Stock

omprises everything you will find necessary to have in the way of

Pure Drugs
Drug Sundries
Patent Medicines

No one is employed here but those who understand the nature of all the goods sold in our store.

There is perfect safety in our service.

Cowgill's Drug Store
INCORPORATED

First Methodist Church



Used for sheltering refugees before tents arrived, and later as depot for distributing clothing among flood sufferers.

Among the Churches.

THE NEW HICKMAN.

"All great victories are subsequent to apparent defeat" will be the subject of Evangelist Blaney's sermons at the Christian church Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Blaney will preface his sermon with the facts of history. "The new world" is grander than the world before the flood, New Chicago greater than Old Chicago, New San Francisco greater than the old, the New Jerusalem is expected to be grander than Old Jerusalem. It is confessed by all Christians that the "natural birth" life with all its pleasures cannot compare with the real joys and the fulness of sweet rest and peace of those who are living the "New Birth" life. From these facts we must conclude that unless Hickman proves an exception to the great law of growth and victory over past limitations, she must arise from her "watery grave" into a greater and grander city. The old times must give place to the new times. The old idea of "feathering our own nest" must give place to the only true idea of permanent success, which is to put a few feathers into our brother's nest. Good sanitary conditions and ornamentation of the homes upon the bluff should not be the perils of those under the bluff. The grandest river on the globe God has given Hickman for the double purpose of sanitation and commerce, both of which have been criminally neglected. If we judge of the passenger and freight rates imposed on us and the filthy condition of our streets and the tenant premises which belong to our wealthiest citizens. This all will be changed. This overflow of the Father of Waters will prove a boon from our Father in Heaven and we yet shall see New Hickman the pride of the Mississippi from St. Louis to Memphis.

Hear Mr. Blaney Sunday evening on the glories of the New Era about to dawn upon our city in the text, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

At First Methodist church next Sunday will be all the usual services. At 11 o'clock service the pastor, Rev. G. W. Wilson will preach on "Some Lessons from the Overflow." General invitation is given. At First Hickman Chapel will be regular service Friday evening at 7:30, and Sunday School at 2:30 Sunday evening.

Mr. Wilson is preaching at 7:30 of evenings in east room of the basement of the Library. He will omit Friday evening.

Over a thousand people, nearly half of them refugees from the flood are at Ridgely, nine miles below Tiptonville, in Lake county, without meat. The one story houses there are no longer habitable and the two-story houses are crowded. The remainder of the community is out on a hillside without shelter. The stock is without provender. The high water resulting from the break below Hickman did not reach the vicinity of Ridgely until Tuesday afternoon. The Ruth, Dixie and other launches were sent from here to assist the refugees.

The Republicans of Kentucky gave Taft 9 delegates to the National convention and Roosevelt 1.

There are 43 people quartered in the old Amberg residence. Dr. L. P. Baltzer, of the City Board of Health, threatens to turn them out and lock up the house unless sanitary rules are better observed.

Mr. Brock, government engineer, began paying off levee workers yesterday and continues today. He will pay out in the neighborhood of \$3,000. Tomorrow and Saturday the local levee board will pay their men something like \$1,000. Besides \$1,000 for labor, expended in trying to hold the levee, they will owe \$2,000 for sacks.

Heard On the Streets

L. T. Jackson, the barber, has pneumonia.

Geo. Unmicht, secretary to Capt. Logan, is getting a work-out.

Extra fine Bartlett Pears, large cap—30c.—Betterworth & Frather.

Will Amberg came home from Ann Arbor, Mich., to attend the water carnival.

Dr. and Mrs. Horace Luten, of Fulton, have been visiting Mrs. Maggie Handie.

Roger Brasfield, of Greenfield, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Swan Burrus.

Dick Barnhill, a negro, was fined \$50 in police court yesterday, for selling booze.

Mrs. W. J. Logan came up last week from the Hunter Tract, which is completely overflowed.

Hollie Henderson and a half dozen others this side of Medley have had their houses washed away.

Capt. Henry Boyle, of Cairo, has been employed as pilot on Mengel Tug during the high water.

Hill Newton, son of Jack Newton, had several ribs broken in a railroad accident at Illinois, Mo., Thursday.

Miss Charlotte Hubbard returned Saturday from Cincinnati where she has been attending a Conservatory of Music.

The State Board of Health ordered school discontinued for the present in the library building. Miss Hattie Bruer was the teacher for that grade.

A remarkable coincidence occurred in connection with the arrest of Tom Thomason and Ed Evans, who are charged with shooting a negro in the foot in the lower bottom some weeks ago. Both men were former citizens of Hickman. Thomason was arrested in Obion county by a deputy sheriff by the name of Hickman, and Evans was arrested at Manila, Ark., by the city marshal, also named Hickman, and both were lodged in the county jail at Hickman.

Editor Walker, of the Clinton Gazette, speaking of the flood situation here, says: The break in the Government levee below Hickman is the most tremendous disaster for which this flood is responsible. Since the building of the levee some years ago that section of bottom country from Hickman to Tiptonville has developed into one of the richest farming sections in the world. The land is very rich naturally and the men who owned it had ample means to improve and stock it. Land values advanced rapidly from a few dollars an acre to \$75 and \$100 an acre. The destruction of the levee will be a great setback to that country, but of course the levee will be restored and strengthened to withstand ever greater floods than that of this year. But the present calamity has first to be dealt with. It is not possible yet to estimate the actual property loss, nor can anyone tell what the after-effects will be. Students of the river insist that the stream was but seeking its natural channel across the big bend there and that the river will cling to what it has gained and that Reelfoot Lake will become a part of the main channel of the Mississippi, leaving a chute where the old river ran. This may not prove true, but it sounds reasonable. Such things have frequently occurred, as the history of the river shows. One time it is said, the main channel of the river was on the west side of Wolf Island, but the straighter course was cut on the east side of the island. Until the waters recede we are at liberty to indulge in conjectures; afterwards the facts will stand exposed.

FAD THAT IS USEFUL

TWO BODICES FOR ONE GOWN IS PRESENT EDICT.

Women With Limited Means Find Latest Style Great Convenience—Silk Tie Waist Now Reappears for Spring.

Two bodices for one smart gown—this is the present edict. They belong to the rather elegant street suit, or to the fine reception dress—one waist with high cut for day wear and the other slightly or definitely low for evening. In this way one coat and skirt do service for unnumbered occasions, and the fad is certainly a useful one for women with limited means.

There is the most cunning sequence, too, between the day waist and the rest of the costume, for the one-piece effect is supreme and the bodice and skirt of the same goods and which seems to be in one, reigns for day wear over separate waist arrangements. Cloth, silk and novelty wools of all sorts are made up with narrow skirts and taut little bodices joined under a high waistband so as to look in one; the practicality of the bodice is lightened with a dainty glimpse in filmy white or color, and however plain the rest of the suit, the waist has a certain fitness. In this shape the costume is really a three-piece affair, but when the second waist is considered it becomes one of four pieces. A getup in four distinct pieces! What right have manufacturers to complain that women are using too little material for their frocks, to wall, indeed, that if it goes on they will be ruined? True, we are still very narrow in silhouette and there is a likelihood that we will continue so for some time to come, but there are our costumes of four pieces—does it not take more goods for two waists than one? Nevertheless, the scheme is still economical for woman herself, so let us shed no tears for the manufacturer.

The second waist is a little, dainty, dressy, thing, exactly in the suit color at some point that a sequence with the skirt may still be there, but it is of chiffon with one color over another, or of chiffon and lace, of silk and chiffon, of net fancy and plain. It is rarely in pure white, for the tremen-



The Silk Tie Waist, Which Has Had Such a Vogue This Season and Now Reappears for Spring.

dous contrast this makes with a black or colored skirt is now thought extremely trying. If the dress is a very plain street affair, too, the second waist, which is to be for the theater, dinners, and so on, is rather simple, and with scarcely more than a collarless neck.

Our illustration gives one of the season's oddities, although the student of fashion knows that the tie kink of this waist comes down to us from many years ago. Some twenty years since, French makers sent over a few plaid silk blouses which were adjusted to the figure in just this manner by carrying the fronts to the back and then bringing the ends around to the front and there tying or hooking them. The model went like hot cakes then and it has had a tremendous vogue this winter, the women who bought them ready made using them as jumpers over lawn, lace or net bodices, and those who turned out themselves deciding upon the style because so little fitting is needed. The extremely low cut of the armhole is a late and popular touch, and as a plaid silk always looks well in such a waist or jumper these materials are much used for them when the figure is slim enough to carry off the checking. Sometimes, too, there are neither revers or cuffs as here, but a puff finish about the neck and sleeves, with the bias ends of the fronts and the bottom only hemmed. In this last shape the making of such a waist is a joke, and any woman with the least sewing talent can turn out one in two or three hours.

Miss Elizabeth Heule left Tuesday for home in Montgomery, Ala., after a pleasant visit here. She was accompanied home by her sister, Mrs. Frank Von Borries, Jr., who will spend several weeks there.



Mrs. Johanna Gadske the most famous opera singer in the world.

This famous opera singer takes a supply of Red Cross Shoes back to Europe with her.

Once you wear the Red Cross Shoe nothing can induce you to go back to stiff-soled shoes! You will be just as loyal.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
New York

April 2, 1911.

Messrs Krohn Fechtmeier & Co.
Cincinnati, O.

Gentlemen:—
Your letter of March 31st came to hand. First of all, I want to thank you for your courtesy, which I appreciate very much. The Red Cross Shoes you sent me are very nice indeed and I am sure I shall enjoy wearing them. I enclose check for \$10 in settlement of your bill.

As to new shoes, I would like to have another pair made of white cravenette, same shape as the black cloth only a little more pointed. I am leaving for the other side, probably May 2nd, and I should like to have the shoes before this date.

Thanking you once more for your kindness, I remain,
Very sincerely yours,
JOHANNA GADSKI.

Come in and let us show you the latest styles in the Red Cross Shoe. Oxfords \$3.50 and \$4. High Shoes \$4, \$4.50 and \$5.

R. L. Bradley

RIVER FALLS SLOWLY.

From its original high water mark, the river has now fallen about one foot. Most of the fall took place the first of the week. In the past twenty-four hours it went down only a fraction over one inch, and is next to stationary, but reports from above indicate that it will fall more rapidly before the end of the week. Water still stands over 12 inches deep in many stores on the north side of Clinton street.

The Cairo gauge now reads 53.8, a fall of .1 there during the last twenty-four hours.

2682 REFUGEES HERE.

By actual count at the commissary yesterday Hickman now has 2682 refugees within her borders. This is an increase of 654 since Monday and others are still coming in. This will give one grounds for forming their own conclusions as to whether or not "No further help is needed at Hickman."

What the final number will run up to is hard to tell, and when the people will be able to take care of themselves again is also an unknown quantity.

SHELBY'S HOUSE BURNED.

C. S. Shelby's 4-room residence, on Troy road 3 1/2 miles from Hickman, was destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, together with all his household goods. The house caught from a fire in the garden where Mr. Shelby was burning trash. He had no insurance.

N. C. & S. L. carpenters completed a good size depot in East Hickman last week in four days time.

On rural routes only—The Hickman Courier and Daily Memphis Commercial Appeal (except Sunday) for only \$4.00.

The flood put rural route No. 6, out of business and Carrier Bondurant, on route 4, has been making part of his trip by boat.

Geo. Dahnke, the Union City baker, kept his bakery running night and day last week in order to get bread to Hickman's flood sufferers.

Very little has been said about the matter, but it is believed by those in close touch with the work that the city levee was cut. A man that would do such a trick is so small that a whole regiment of them could be put in a mustard seed.

Lieut. Ramsey arrived here yesterday to assist Capt. Logan with local relief measures. They will send food to the Tiptonville flood sufferers today, and have chartered a number of boats which will be in service while Hickman is the base of supplies.

Attention! Veterans Forrest Cavalry!

Headquarters for the Forrest Cavalry Corps at our next General Reunion, will be rooms 108 and 110, Hotel Lanier, Macon, Ga. All members of the Corps are requested to call and register and secure badges. They are requested to make it their social headquarters, for meeting and fighting battles over with the comrades they meet.

And you are especially requested to be present at 10 o'clock a. m., on Wednesday, May 8th, 1912, and unite in the election of a new Commander and the transaction of any business of the Corps.

H. A. Tyler, Lt. Gen'l Commanding
The Forrest Cavalry Corps

RUSH CREEK ITEMS.

Mrs. C. A. Bondurant has been on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Susan Cook has been very low but seems to be improving slowly.

Boyd Frey's baby has been right sick with meningitis, but is improving.

Large crowds are going to Columbus and Moscow to see the high water.

Elbert Bondurant was in Hickman Monday and Tuesday on business for the Cayce Milling Co.

Mrs. W. H. Jones has bought Harry Campbell's place in Cayce. Her son, Jim Jones, and wife will reside with her.

Walter Bondurant, of Oklahoma, came to the bedside of his father, Friday, March 23, near Fulton. He has been sick for some time.

There was a dinner on the ground at the Methodist church at Cayce last Sunday. Rev. Maxedon, of Moscow, preached Sunday morning and in the afternoon talks were made upon the benefits of the Sunday School.

Rev. Cornelius Bowles preached at Cayce Sunday morning, but on account of his physical condition, he was unable to preach that night. The morning sermon was the first one he had preached in five weeks, but he will preach the first Sunday night in April.

Lewis Vanpool, age 16, fell from a boat while hunting on Reelfoot Lake Monday and was drowned. His body was recovered four hours later. The boy managed to swim 30 yards to a submerged thorn tree, but the thorns pierced his hands so that he was compelled to release his hold, and drowned.